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MACLEANS

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MACLEAN'S Canada Report

MACLEAN'S REPORTS SEPTEMBER 1988

OUR SCHOOLS

Old school disciplines versus "life-learning": a struggle for six million futures

JULIE IS LOSING HER URGE TO LEARN



JULIE MELILLO was 8½ when she came to Ottawa last fall from England. She knew the alphabet and rudimentary arithmetic, could print and read simple sentences.

"Two years old" kindergarten," the rubbered Ottawa principal and deputy, hating her from Grade 1, to kindergarten, Sari and Julia Melillo saw, Julie rejoined. She had little to do but trace letters, the atmosphere was pretty dull about that.

In her year of Canadian kindergarten, Julie learned the alphabet. She can no longer read or print simple sentences, or do any arithmetic.

Julie often brought home a paper she wanted to "good review." Good reviews are children who in 20 minutes memorize and unspooling on the floor.

In England, Julie and sister Tracy, 4, former chatterbox about school, how they never mention it. But during one week of no school, challenging summer school can be best children's time yet. Julie blossomed. At home, she talked a mile a minute about all the work she was doing, and nothing.

"And we can speak out loud at this school."

ANNE MACDONALD, 17, will have to march, single file and in silence, between classes at Moncton, N.B., High School, this fall. If she or any of her 1,500 schoolmates cry out of love, Principal B. W. N. Boudreau, a former radio officer, may act a punishment of transcribing endless pages by hand from a history book, or sitting in special dance chairs outside his office.

Cedra Tardif, 17, will smile in her Grade 12 class if she weeps, claps, gasps, chortles and goes and go pretty much as the pleases, at the Campbell River, B.C., Senior Secondary School John A. Young, principal, runs probably the freest public school in Canada. He believes "the majority of teachers are obsessed with teaching," rather than helping students discover things for themselves.

These work-report practices dramatize the confusion within the teaching of 6,000,000 Canadian students now beginning a new school year. Some demand strict discipline and an emphasis on teaching facts. Others would eliminate grades, examinations and the teacher standing before rows of constrained children. Classrooms are used questioning and change saving students, teachers, parents and governments.

Among the questions: With education costs soaring — up 30.7 percent in 1985-86 from the previous year, to \$6 billion per 18 formal education — do the results justify the big bucks? What is elementary and secondary schooling for — to prepare youth for university or careers, or to open their minds to discovery? Will current hit the high schools — and are they that rigid? Are elementary schools much better? Where do teachers stand on change?

"Students are not the only ones who have this feeling of where do we go from here in education," says Lloyd Deneau,

co-chairman of Ontario's year-old Hall-Deneau report on education, co-author of the current debate. "That, at least, is a great charge from our old complicity." The question is whether Canadian education is best equipped youth to cope with an ever more automated future.

Educationists say that, slowly, every province is in varying degree experimenting. The latest behind the experiments are disquietly argued in "Living and Learning," the report co-edited by Mr. James Bennett Hall and Deneau. It provides a philosophy groping toward things that had been tried somewhere and has had a remarkable national impact. It encourages Canada's 283,400 teachers and their school boards to shift focus from children advancing in disciplined grades, all together, to the child "as an individual learner."

Now, bit by bit, schooling is becoming more of a "communitarian project," the student moving subject by subject through school at his own speed. There is a larger choice of subjects. Where computers make it possible, classrooms are being worked out for each student. "We are over the hump," says James French, education board Chairman in the affluent Toronto suburb of Scarborough. As Hall-Deneau say "The concept of passing or failing and of being promoted or made to repeat a year will disappear."

Some also predict are more flexible, lasting 20 minutes or two hours — whatever is appropriate. Students are becoming encouraged to work at their own paces, with teacher extending only if wanted. Classrooms will be coming down, to an open view of children working at tables, lying against on the floor, or drifting to the library (now the re-

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source centre). A similar freedom is in some high schools. The strap is being abolished. There are beginnings, in most places, of more serious

What is learning for?

Hall-Deane says it is to open young minds to enquiry and discovery rather than to stuff them with boring facts or to impart specific job-directed skills, which they can get in community colleges and universities. How to use information in this day of information explosion, rather than simply accumulating more bits of it, is what matters.

"Half the skills that will be needed 15 and 30 years from now don't even exist yet," says Deane.

Disrupting, ignoring, is moving its 555 high schools away from the present "streaming" of students into either arts and science, business and commerce or technology and trades—a cliche system with "students' course people on top. Students will delve into four broad areas of study—communications, social sciences, pure and applied sciences, and arts. They will move more easily into university or into the mainstream community colleges (129,700 enrolment in 1978-79 versus 26,000 in technology colleges in 1965).

High schools tell us nothing about politics, Marxism, religion, sex.

Albena, the fall is introducing art, civics, creative writing, economics, comparative religion, sociology, as junior high school (grades 7, 8 and 9). Here and there, the high school is recognized as a place of learning in itself, not just a preparation for something further.

Central College in Regina operates a popular and advanced five-into program and classes go on by the hour but by whole meetings or afternoon. Central College in Regina is fall begins teaching, with report equipment, several technologies. The courses are for bright students, Francis W. P. their classes, "and their courses for girls who couldn't sit in algebra and Latin.

While contrasts remain. And not every school yet recognizes what easy students say they really want. "High schools don't tell us anything about the big issues of the day—politics, Marxism, religion, sex," complains Graham Bruce, student-council president at Dawson, B.C., Senior Secondary School. Oranien has opened its study to local opinion, and discussions of drugs in senior levels. In Edmonton, a course on sex and family life is opposed by a group led by Public School Board trustee Mrs. Edith Rogers,

The classroom where the children teach teachers how to teach

station otherwise, a shy, young girl, moves among her down charges with a special tragic earnest for each one's collage of colored paper, cloth, sticks and twigs. The seven- to ten-year-old show ideas and the glue, telling Mrs. Nathanson about their fish or ship and being led on to talk of ships and ports and the sea around them at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Several schoolteachers look on, some a bit

silence in the dust. It is they, not the children, who are being taught.

Mrs. Nathanson and children who had finished Grades 4, 5 and 6 at Prince Edward Island School returned to the summer to children 120 teachers from the country and town schools in the open new methods now proposed. The children set out stories for the teachers, illustrating various themes. Teachers watch their watching film

strip, turning to stories, learning the freely way Toronto teacher Mary Mandar talks other teachers to take their children on movie field trips into new communities, and how to follow up later.

"We are trying to get these away from the information-passing type of education... and to give children something that interests, not their age," says Joe Murphy, veteran teacher for the teacher improvement course.

The opening of teachers—40 percent of whom have below the national average qualifications—is a key to the overhaul of education launched this year within a seven-year \$264 million self-improvement program. Policy 3113.004, 000 of this federal-provincial spending is to be on education. For P.E.I. had only become an island, increasingly alone, in Canada. The population of 109,000 is the same as it was in 1971, the 35,400 labor force has in average education of Grade 8, a productivity level up to 50 percent below the national average. Only 11 percent of heads of families are more than \$1,500 per year. Last year, 40.5 families with children of school age or younger left the beautiful island, the mid-sized money centers that use P.E.I.'s wages.

Proctor A.C. Campbell's government seeks to consolidate and modernize a

system on a tiny island (Quebec is 270 times as big) that still has 202 one-room schools, 336 different school boards that collect their own taxes, and an aging teacher (1,477) as teachers (1,420). The school population is only 33,000. Beyond that, a white-boarded conference room at the island park, in secondary-schools of St. John's School Board, which has 41 students in one two-room school. In the year ended, the board collected \$10,481 to keep that school up, to two children over Grade Eight to a consolidated high school and to pay \$600 annual salary. But some the money, for collecting the taxes and doing the books, but having that many secretary-treasurers is wasteful. The district will be cut to five or seven, but probably 33 remain.

The degree-granting university of St. Dunstan's (Catholic) and Prince of Wales College (Protestant-attended) were the last into the 1,700-enrolment University of Prince Edward Island. A technical arts college starts up with an initial enrolment of 100 and vocational-technical high schools are being established. Adult education is being pressed.

Pretty because the development plan has been badly sold to Islanders, not everyone is ecstatic about upstating old ways. Why consolidate schools, asks Mrs. Frank Myers, wife of an opposition member of the legislature, when they surely have children to travel farther and means coming in the door at their parents are leaving to attend upstating moves? But 17-year-old Gaele Beach this year is the first of 112 grade-10s (and 100 grade-9s) in the new high school. Laybells and Mrs. Laybells to teach Grade 12, and the leaving of students to consolidated high schools made that possible. Here Margaret McElroy is a teacher in the upstating area who prefers past methods. "They all complain so much about discipline problems," she says. "I don't have any."

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who is religious. "It's common-sensical. It's an attack on moral standards."

Disappointed that the public system will ever loosen up, more parents are paying anything from \$165 to \$3,352 a year to send their children to private "free schools." There, students choose whether they'll take games playing and outdoor drinking, eat Greek drama and Greek 11 Math — most go through all such stages in about that order. Some here and five their teachers. Students make the rules, by consensus, at Kewnaple and Barbur Free School in and near Vancouver, SuperSchool and Everdale Place in and just outside Toronto. "It's unusual to put kids into a school situation where they are confronted by social, confident adults who cling to their posts through worship of order," explains television personality Pat Watson, who sent his three children to SuperSchool.

Are all teacher-basher-bent attitudes really changing?

"The high schools are harder to change; they are so huge it's hard to make them also sensitive and humane institutions," says Janet French in Scarborough. One high school there, Cochrane, has 2,300 students, from children of 13 to young adults of 19. And opposition to being "left" teachers up to the Ontario Department of Education official who tells that the Hall-Dennis report "will breed a bunch of hippies."

The training new teachers get can be a problem, if an instructor at the Ontario College of Education is typical. "I tell my students that when they stand before their first class in September, they are feeling the easy. I tell them you don't even smile until Christmas." Another teacher, at drama, at an O.C.E., puts the names of error student teachers into a little dog house. All over, teachers would have some for her, that is too long and girls for skirts that are too short. Vice-Principal John Young of Mountgreville Collegiate in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke sent David Stalger, 17, home for wearing an dress and headboard trousers (both clean), saying "we expect our students to dress in a manner that would be acceptable to most businesses."

Young didn't want ask to go to the toilet, what's the principle. Dennis to wonder "God gave three barrels, why would I be the one to regulate them?" Of all the Hall-Dennis recommendations, the one to abolish the strap made the



Lloyd Dennis puts into practice in Leade-Granville, Ontario, this Hall-Dennis precept: "Our children need to be treated as human beings — exquisite, complex and elegant in their diversity."

most fast-moving teachers. "We still seem to have the idea that to find solution you have to burn a little," Dennis says. Another two-teacher affiliate "You'd be surprised how many educators, on becoming principal, say, 'Ah, my first command.'"

John Young, the principal at Cleveland River, puts the question: "How can we expect young adults to learn responsibility if the school treats them as essentially the same manner as they were treated in Grade One?" Many believe student militancy will be the high schools this year. Several hundred Regens students marched last spring, their support for salary-negotiating teachers forcing a national strike. A Montreal student paper was banned for printing a line-letter word, and an underground newspaper at Patrick Jowett Secondary School at Beaufort, Ont., was considered "a filthy rag" by the principal. Maglaine's correspondence report that a cooler was expected the fall in most universities, which have been badly responsive to student demands. An innovative question: what will be the effect of rebellious students coming from high schools?

Many students who don't raise Cans, simply drop out. In British Columbia, survey complains, "hardly 50 percent of our students (there were 495,700 last

year) complete high school successfully." Certainly 2.8 percent of British Columbian between the ages of 5 and 24 are not at school, and B.C.'s record is second but only to Ontario. For all Canada, 26.4 percent of the next generation are not at school.

In the high school a hopefully bad name?

No, things are everywhere. Ontario this fall will have at least 100 (of 535) high schools eliminating grades and exams, offering more subjects, drawing students to work on their own. Saskatchewan presented this in 1984; a provincial evaluation says the phase-out change is working quite well, although all teachers have not gotten used to it. Other provinces follow more gingerly. Team teaching, two or more teachers sharing their special knowledge web pupils, is being tried everywhere.

What about the primary school?

It's where the action is increasingly, these schools are built with just enough walls to keep the roof up. Louis Perre, 12, curls on the broadloom at Alameda Heights Public School in Barrie, Ontario, to read a novel. Classmates learn to "aged music, draw and paint, watch a film strip. Each follows his own work timetable, at his own pace, and often sprawled on the floor, some quietly absorbed and some chattering over just projects. Many teachers are surprised at first about this learning by discovery, the weakness of organized classes, but they soon appreciate how fascinated the child becomes. At Caledonia's senior public school in Kemptville, Ont., a controversial principal, Richard Drabin, says "the kid's off learning."

Edmonton has more than 20 such schools, and they are appearing everywhere. But they are the vanguard; many more are like the Ottawa school of Julia and Treacy Millies (page 1).

Are the speaking preferences right?

Many argue elementary education must catch up from years of overnight in favour of high schools and vocational schools. Ontario HUPP Tim Reid would "redistribute money down to the kiddie level." He says "You would save millions here," citing the vast sums spent on secondary English courses years later. Metropolitan Toronto and other cities are running pre-schools for children under five at home, after immigrants, control area, where the human element is great. The numbers come in

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Swish speeding down to the kiddie level . . . and save millions later.

as teaching assistants, and leave to teach the children at home. In Peterborough, Ont., grades 4, 5 and 6 teachers in eight schools were replaced by parents one day a week, the schools are moving to an open approach now, with those parents' chairs. The Quebec government is sponsoring radio and TV broadcasts to parents titled "Education, c'est votre affaire." In British Columbia, there is a 10-weekend series of courses for school trustees.

How well trained are the teachers?

In most parts of Canada there is no longer a teacher shortage, and the pay is becoming more respectable. Last year salaries ranged from an average of \$6,849 for elementary teachers and principals in British Columbia to \$5,387 in Newfoundland, from \$4,583 for secondary teachers and principals in Ontario to \$5,810 in Prince Edward Island. They have since been raised in some provinces, including Manitoba and P.E.I. "We are getting teachers with good qualifications who wouldn't have come here before," says Lloyd Dennis, new director of education for the heavily rural Ontario area of Leeds-Grenville. Ontario is moving to demand degrees of all elementary and secondary teachers—79 percent have degrees in Ontario now, compared with 55 percent in British Columbia and only 29 percent in Manitoba, in Prince Edward Island, 47 percent of teachers operate on letters of authority, which is lower than normal minimum certification. Teacher-training colleges are being transferred to university facilities. But unmet qualifications bring demands for higher pay.

Why do Indians think they're inferior? Elementary: they learn it in school

risks \$5,000 annually at school as Canada are taught to feel that they are inferior persons.

They start read that their forebears were savages in fur and skin. Or they read of common life today, of traps, sawmy rules, lonely houses, abandoned farms, Indian reality is bad housing, no reserves and in slums, and 78 percent of their families earning less than \$5,000 a year. Their life expectancy is 34 years; the national average 62 years.

Fifty percent of Indian children enter school not knowing English or French. Their own languages are not taught or used. Only Alberta and



Mrs. June Turner, Ottawa TV teacher, produces educational programs locally and snaps off "network" as a bad word. Her boss, Alf Hanwell, explains: "Nobody can build programs out of Toronto that we need in Ottawa."

Premier Ross Thatcher took with Saskatchewan teachers, blaming savings education costs on their salaries. There may be truth in this fall in Saskatchewan, and in Quebec where the parent-union wants one contract to cover all its 70,000 elementary-secondary teachers.

How much help is educational television, the most glamorous of teacher aids?

The provinces are setting up centralized ETV facilities but teachers, who

oppose uniformity of instruction, often stop it. To Alf Hanwell, who runs television for the Ottawa Public School Board, "nobody out of Toronto can build programs that we need." He says only local producers can use local symbols and reference points to make programs relevant to their children. Hanwell says TV should only be a tool used by the individual teacher, produced locally or regionally; it does not yet generally work that way. In Ottawa, 11 TV teachers under Mrs. June Turner (who's been credited and criticized since day one) recently she has an "network" as a network) have produced 110 programs a year for 144 area schools. Ottawa also is piloting a system whereby, at four schools, a teacher can dial for any of 2,000 films and videotapes and have it on the classroom screen in two minutes. Metro Toronto is planning an elaborate ETV system. Edmonton and Calgary have extensive programming. Quebec's is among the more ambitious.

Most education keep costing us more!

Important changes can be made simply by changing attitudes. But the 56-billion-plus for all education in Canada in 1968-69 is 30.7 percent higher than that of the previous year. In 1968 it cost \$955 to educate one pupil, 30 percent more than it did in 1967. Quebec's education budget is \$74,600,000 this year, 28.9 percent of its total spending and 23.9 percent higher than a year ago. Ontario has voted to expenditures of \$1,467,000,000, 1 percent of the provincial budget. Other provinces range upwards from 30 percent of total budget. Provinces are able to keep costs from rising further only by delaying needed new building. Extending French-language schools will raise costs further, especially in New Brunswick and Ontario. Long-term forecasts are for a doubling and more of education spending in the next decade. Ontario hopes to keep its increase to 30 percent next year.

Although Ottawa pays \$160,000,000 to the province for education already, provincial parents may sympathize for demanding some new form of sharing the load nationally. As Lloyd Dennis says: "Education is no longer a local prerogative, paid for by the homeowner. It is a national exercise—no one should be deprived because of the area where you live." Anne MacDonald would agree with that.

Pornography: the blind eye and the deaf ear

THE PROLIFERATION OF PORNOGRAPHY in the past decade can only be described as an explosion. It was as recently as December 1964 (but *Funny Hill* (same staff heads today's postcard) was judged not obscene by the Ontario Court of Appeals. Since then the freetext of potential and verbal pornography has become a torrent, deluging us with more and then an even more conservative sexual and obscenity sex activity. Book titles run into the thousands and range through every possible heterosexual activity to miscegenation, lesbianism and bisexuality. In films the male scene is now almost mandatory. Lesbianism, homosexuality and sadomasochism are capably portrayed. *I Am Curious* (Tobias) depicts a half dozen variations of coupling. Theatre in New York City has already reached the point where there are few boundaries left. Playgoers who now watch an entire cast performing while male, the simulation of various forms of sexual intercourse, sexual and man masturbation, fellatio, forced sodomy between naked actors and brutality. In New York's Living Theatre the audience is invited to address and join the male cast on stage to use their devices.

It is not the purpose here to pass judgment on these developments, either to condone or to censure. It is rather to point out that once again Canadian politicians, faced with a sticky and worrisome social problem, are doing what they usually do: turning a blind eye and a deaf ear on it. When Canada is faced with a difficult social issue, refusal of solution and politically hazardous, our politicians move often than not pretend it isn't there in the hope it will go away. We have a long record of suppressing or foot-dragging when changes in legislation have been required dealing with such touchy issues as divorce, abortion, homosexuality and liquor. Currently we are doing the same on marijuana, amphetamines, cigarette advertising and pollution. Now, confronted by the pornography explosion, the federal Justice Department and the provincial Attorneys General are taking the same gutless and hypocritical path: to short, they are doing virtually nothing.

And what should they be doing? First, recognizing that the problem is here and growing. Second, sticking to under-

stand the shape and dimensions of it. Third, coming to grips with it, unpalatable as that prospect may be. The governments of a number of European countries—namely Denmark—have done exactly that. In 1964 the Danish Ministry of Justice called for re-examination of the criminal code as it is related to pornography and obscenity. An official study by a council involving medical, legal, psychiatric and church experts was appointed. As the result of their study, in June 1967, by a vote of 159 to 15, Parliament repealed all prohibitions against written pornography. This June, by a vote of 143 to 16, Parliament abolished film censorship and legislated the sale of pictorial pornography to anyone over 16. Danish report that since the law was changed the sale of pornographic books is down and, comparing the last half of 1966 to the last half of 1967, sex crimes in Copenhagen are down 34 percent.

There are those who challenge the claims made for Denmark's solution. It is argued that the decline in the number of sex crimes is the result of changes in reporting such crimes. Others argue that printed pornography has dropped in sales because of the increase in pictorial pornography in magazines and films. The point is: let's find out. Let us, at least, mount a study of the subject by (a) setting up a committee of doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, sociologists and churchmen to examine the question and report on their findings and (b) make a thorough and objective study of the Danish experience. Having done these two things we will then know the nature of the problem and have the information on which to come to informed conclusions. As things are now, the buck is being passed back and forth by federal and provincial authorities, customs officials, judges and police. And when the film *I Am Curious* (Yellow) and the road company of O'Connell's stage in Canada (and they soon will) we will suddenly find ourselves caught up in a massive landslide and precipitated into either endless promiscuousness or ugly reaction.

Let our politicians realize that the blind eye and deaf ear approach won't work and that the honest, now approaching flood, won't go away.



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PLATFORM



Nationalism? Forget it! Our future is in the cities—and they need help now, says Laurier LaPierre

NATIONALISM IN QUEBEC has become a negative, even destructive, force. It paralyzes governments, shifts the steps for reform, and makes impossible the pooling of human resources. It confuses issues in such a way that every problem becomes a national question. And what is perhaps even more unfortunate, nationalism has become the inspiration for a narrow reaction and for the skewed view that minority rights (or what are often called "national rights") ought to be determined by the majority. In fact, in Quebec we have returned to a concept of nationalism dedicated to the historical goal of secession, though serious attempts are made to clarify the arguments with a modern shield.

Thus we Quebecois talk of sovereignty, but we neglect to mention foreign ownership. We demand government services, but, aside from plebiscites about provincial autonomy, we do not discuss the financial resources needed to ensure the high standard, the equality and the Canada-wide portability of these services. We demand universities, but we have never considered developing the economic viability of the French language in the North American context, thus ensuring its place in and beyond the confines of Quebec.

We speak about mobility and technology, yet we have not learned that this implies a new style, new concepts and new political organization. The reality of the 1970s imposes a new concept of nationalism. To group cities, let us examine two of the genuine new factors and likely to continue to face us for the next 30 years.

First, the aspect of technology. In terms of culture, a positive approach to the new technology can create an, at the very least, transform a minority-group philosophy into a powerful, viable neighborhood and provide an opportunity not only for others like them, but also for those unlike them throughout the world, to have in and into about their way of life. Technology expands the possibility not only for cultural survival, but even for the spreading of a culture, thus tremendously increasing its chances of making an impact on the world.

In terms of communication, the new technology has already made any part of the world accessible to the eye and the ear in seconds. In terms of language, it means that far-flung regions of the world, though speaking a language foreign to their immediate neighbors, can maintain a creative existence in that language.

Second, urban development. The major significance of urban growth is that it creates the demand for a new political structure in Canada. The primary political unit in the 1970s will not be the nation or the province, but the city—cities such as the Great Lakes metropolitan areas of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor and Detroit on the east coast, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington on the west coast, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver. In each burgeoning urban centre, various of outlook will exist side by side, mingling against a backdrop of

new living, for the possibilities of which are limitless.

But dangers do exist. If conditions are not changing, as they are, we will soon be standing knee-deep in racism and paralyzed by traffic jams, with noise and overcrowding sending the economy and morale rates skyrocketing, as people start to see another solution for their cities. And creating the chaos will be choking canyons of smog.

In most of the political debates, so earnestly and earnestly being waged across Canada, little or no attention has been paid to the potential problems posed by the expansion of our cities through the advances in technology. Yet these problems are already here, among the dimensions of our present problems and the problems of the next generation. Nationalism, as presently being debated across Canada—and particularly in Quebec—provides a philosophy that comes in to ignore the very real forces for change now working in the economic and political levels of the country. If we are to overcome the problems in these days, we must shift our perspective and look beyond nationalism.

While we are debating the old Canada—the confederation of 10 provinces and two nations—is a solid one, the history book. A new Canada, a confederation of neighborhoods is emerging. In addition to two nations, as enshrined in the languages bill, we are becoming a polyglot of quarters, or neighborhoods. Each neighborhood will be part of a great metropolitan linked to other metropolitan in a more regionalized world.

The results will be a political environment in which people will be able to relate directly to one another and to take part in the decisions that will affect their lives. Language will live in its neighborhood.

The real reality of this new environment will be provincial government made redundant by the irrevocable of provincial boundaries and the provincial institutional functions in quarters of local interests. The continuation of present modes of thought and present attitudes regarding Canada will, however, impede the urban transition, will not reduce urban structures and will decrease political stability both in Quebec and across the rest of the country. The development of which I have been speaking is needed, in addition to some hard looking about the shape of things to come, a new concept of political life.

To meet these challenges it is no longer enough simply to stumble along, attempting our dilemma in a dead of planning. The challenge requires a planning that will ensure an orderly transition to the future in a way that does not detract from the quality of life for Canadians. To bring this about, a new political alliance is required in Canada. □

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TALKBACK

The west, who needs the east? / Ottawa's Arts Centre: 'nothing to be proud about' / 'Anne': just good friends

WALTER STEWART may hail from eastern Canada, but he turned in to the western winds of discontent in his article, *The Coming Showdown With The West*. It is true! true! true! All of it! Having lived my life in Minnesota, I can attest to the depressed sentiment toward eastern Canada. And why not? What little we in the west

begin is dominated by large fish

in Confederation must go. The worst has nothing to lose. If you cannot and in an old best, it doesn't do you much good to love it. — CHAPTER 5: NORTHERN, MILTON, MS.

I heartily agree with Slowdown 1, too, am interested in bilingualism — which in my book does not mean French-English co-dependency — e. g. *SALE*, *POSTERION*, etc.

s. If the rest has the economic reason, it had better get out fast — that is, if it wants to live as it can see us living, with all our English and American traditions and ordered democracy, and if it wants to quit handing its psyche over to its expensive and selfish wife, the east. The French have taken over Canada and, therefore, the whole country. The Quebecers could commit with the Aztecs or the South American more easily than with the English. I have lived in Quebec most of my life, am pure French and know what I'm talking about.

MARGARET SMITH, IRVINGDALE, CAL.

• Every fellow farmer I've talked to agrees with your article. The name of our new country will be N-A-S-M — the first letter of each province from west to east. Our capital will be Calgary, because of its central location, moderate climate and our love for started.

LYNN C. BRIDGES, SUFFRIDGE, ALB.

4. In this article you quote Fannie Minner-Toussaint's remark to a Winnipeg merchant: "Why should I sell your wheat?" The subsequent headlines on the following page provides a most apt answer: "You can't run a business without getting behind the counter once in a while." The western farmers might well provide their own answer at the next election: "Why should we vote for you?" — J. A. McLEACH, TORONTO.

* You never suspect how that dynamo is relatively harmless by itself and requires a turned face and a switch to set it off. The

face we need is a dynamic and personable leader, which at present we do not have. The spark will undoubtedly be provided by the east. All that is needed is for the Supreme Court to declare the language bill to be unconstitutional or an amendment to the British North America Act making it so. GAIL HOLSTON, BRANTON

4 It is unfortunate that the languages bill has become embroiled in our predicament, creating the impression that western reaction is a type of backlash and little else. Presumably it is not the underlying cause of western discontent and Stewart does a commendable job of outlining the real cause. Perhaps a part of the answer lies in more decentralization of the federal government to a form of regional administration in which four or five regions of Canada run their own show and bargain with the other regions in areas affecting the economy. —ROY HOWARD, KITTLE, MAN

✶ A lot of rot. We in the west have the best of Canada and we are prepared to give to the rest of our countrymen — and that includes Quebec, which many of us consider to be the only real island of Canadaism in a sea of Americanism. So stop distracting our opinions. — T. S. FARRORS, WELLINGTON, VANCOUVER ISLAND

Culture palace: deplorable waste

Your article on Ottawa's National Arts Centre, *To An Amazing Building You Culture Palace, What's 140 million?* only confirms the deplorable waste of taxpayers' money, while inflation and cost of living soar higher and higher. But to C. D. Howe once said, "What's a million?"

BOB J. BELLEF, OAKDALE, ONT.

* The National Arts Centre is a blessing for all Canada. It is a shame that this country has until now cared so little about cul-

here in Europe people do not complain about paying much for an arts centre
WMA BRIDGE, FORTY-SEVEN, ONE

* Those responsible for the "management" have nothing whatever to be proud about. This is another of Bowditch Pearson's folios — p. 4011, 51235, 51473, 5148.

^a *As per the user's discretion*

THE POST here tells us about the popularity of Anne of Green Gables in Japan (Good-by, Green Gables—With, Give 1997) you refer to "Marion Moore's musical version" The musical Anne, now happily appearing in its 11th season at the National Theatre, Festival Theatre, and the Stratford Festival. What Anne is so attractive to which my childhood was very modelled. I had the good fortune to commemorate the stage version for the first Christmas season Festival in 1955 when I was 10 years old. The musical was written by Marion Moore and the lyrics by Nancy Campbell, and the good music to have Anne lead to stage 8. They are the true and noble legends in Harroon's shadow. It also contributed three or four of the song lyrics, but although it wasn't mine, it was my very good friend!

MAISON MOORE, THEATRIST

« Moore makes the remark about the racist criticism of the musical, *Anne of Green Gables*. "The Toronto *Star* says Ugo Kareda called it 'yellowish black.' But it could be, as a Canadian, embarrassing. I have heard of the Toronto *Star*, but not me, who the hell is Ugo Kareda, that his opinions of a great Canadian classic should be given prominence and credence?" I. M. Klingensmith's people were soft-of-the-earth kind, and there are still people like them in Canada — thank God.

R. F. HUMPHRY BECK, BARRINGTON

w. My congratulations to Mayor Moore for his article *The All-Canadian Family* — The



52nd year, No. 24,766

FINAL EDITION

WINNIPEG, WEDDAY, APRIL 14, 1971

PM warns of penalties

TAXPAYERS REVOLT

Protest mounts as
Attorneys-General
plan prosecutions

An attorney-general of all 10 provinces backed to a late-night Ottawa battle with Justice Minister John Turner to plan the prosecution of tax resisters, a move by the federal government.

Resisters in Winnipeg reported "about total non-compliance" with provincial sales tax by late night's dinner. TV personality Patrick Watson told a New Democrat "I'm not worried at all."

Trudeau admits crisis,
says tax resisters may
spark financial 'disaster'

From our Ottawa bureau

OTTAWA—Prime Minister Trudeau challenged the long-growing economic movement last night with a vocal warning that "the law provides penalties" for those who refuse to pay. Conceding that the government is "in a financial crisis," Trudeau stated that the

IT BEGAN WITH
A 21-CENT TAX
ON A BUCKET
OF CHICKEN

A fantasy of the
politics of our time

Like every revolt, this one started small—begin, in fact, around supper-time on the afternoon of July 25, 1970, when a \$10,000-a-year film editor named Harvey Matthews walked into a suburban Toronto branch of Scott's Chicken Wife and ordered a \$3.95 Family Basket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, with Green Bean, String 'n' River Beans and a dollop of Col. Sanders' famous Creamy Cold Sauce. The bill came to \$5.05, plus 10 percent provincial sales tax. The total was \$5.56, and that was when Harvey Matthews snapped.

"I'm not paying," he told the girl
BY GRATTAN GRAY

"That'll be \$5.56, sir," said the girl.
"The tax," said Harvey, louder. "I'm not paying it."
"We can't sell you the chicken if you don't pay the tax," said the girl.
The manager came, and he knew his law. If a customer refused to pay, all the restaurant had to do was take his name and notify the government within 10 days. He took Harvey's name and address. Harvey paid \$5.05 and walked out with his chicken. He still owed 51 cents in provincial sales tax. Later, he told his wife Fay what he'd done, and tried to figure out why. Was it because, on the way to the place, he'd seen

a road crew of six men leaning on their shovels at maybe \$3.50 an hour plus overtime? Or was it because that morning he'd discovered a profit leak in the basement of their split-level bungalow and knew that, because he still owed \$103.03 in back taxes to the Borough of North York, he couldn't afford to get it fixed?

"Maybe they'll forget about it," Fay said. They didn't forget. Almost three weeks later, Harvey received a bank letter from the Comptroller of Revenue for the Province of Ontario. "It has come to our attention," the letter began, "that monies in the amount of \$2.51 are owing pursuant to the provisions

Geben Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

Mi dia un
Dewar's
per favore!

Donnez-moi un
Dewar's
s'il vous plait!

Dewar's
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TAXPAYERS REVOLT CONTINUED

'More guts and less gouging'

Gordon Sinclair tears up T-4 form at tax-protest rally, is arrested



of the Ontario Retail Sales Tax Act in connection with a \$5.95 bottle of beer you to use a Family Budget of food vouchers on July 25 last. We assure that it is an outrage on your part, and would appreciate your immediate renunciation of the above sum. Harvey wrote back: "I'm sorry, I'm not paying."

The next thing Harvey received was an assessment notice which he decided to ignore. Six weeks later a young police constable came to the door and delivered a summons. Harvey was charged with violation of the Ontario Retail Sales Tax Act and was liable, "on summary conviction, to a fine of not less than 10 dollars and not more than 1,000 dollars."

A lawyer later told him that the government would ordinarily have punished his wages — all it takes is a letter signed by a civil servant — but because all Harvey's income came from free-lance film editing court proceedings were the only course open to him.

On November 6, 1970, Harvey went to Magistrate's Court in Toronto's old city hall building. He had no lawyer. He heard the magistrate say: "Because of the minor nature of this offence, I will suspend to impose a suspended sentence

but the accused has put forward no valid reason for his refusal to pay the tax, so I'm imposing the maximum fine of 300. It's a citizen's duty to pay his taxes."

Harvey forgot about what he had planned to say. Instead, he blurted out, "The government's wasting too much money, that's all."

In the corridor outside the courtroom, a headline on the front page of the *Globe and Mail* said:

Tax Rebel Fined \$10

Admits Gov's Wrong

Harvey was on television the following night. His own eloquence surprised him. "Of course I believe in paying taxes," he said. "Where's the sin in that?"

"But the government — all the governments — should be told that they can't simply raise taxes indefinitely."

The following day Harvey received four telegrams of congratulations. 25 letters in similar vein, arose on company letterheads but most handwritten. 134 phone calls (only 19 unfavorable), seven requests for interviews. And a bouquet from a woman in Victoria.

In the following 30 days, according to a confidential report procured to Premier Roberts by Stephen Gordan,

director of the Retail Sales Tax Branch of the provincial Department of Revenue, the government received 7,623 notifications from firms across the province that various industries had declined to pay the 10-percent sales tax on drinks, restaurant meals and entertainment admissions. The largest sum owing was \$5.79. Roberts told *Gulfair* not to prosecute for first time being.

On November 15, in London, Ontario — Premier Roberts' home town — 13 students from the University of Western Ontario were arrested after a demonstration in the Bazaar. When they were on Waterloo Street, they tried to buy beer without paying the sales tax of 22 cents per case. When the clerk refused to sell it to them, they lay down on the floor. They told a *London Free Press* reporter that they were protesting the government's treatment of Indians.

In Saint John, Charles Van Horne, defeated the previous year in his second bid to renege leadership of the New Brunswick Conservative Party, announced formation of an organization called THRIFF (Taxpayers' Homeowners' Rising Income in Fredericton's Taxes) to protest the eight-percent sales tax introduced by Premier Robbinston in 1966. In Toronto, Dr. Martin Schulman, the NDP's fiery millionaire MPP, formed a similar group called OPT-OUT (Optimum Planning Taxes/Ontarians Uniting Thrift). Both organizations charged a two-dollar membership fee, offered legal aid to tax resisters, and within their first month attracted a total of nearly 35,000 members.

The movement received an enormous impetus on a chilly Saturday afternoon late in January, when Gordon Sinclair, speaking at an OPT-OUT rally in Toronto's Nathan Phillips Square, passionately tore up an old T-4 form with the cry, "Let's free more gas and tax government spending!" He was arrested on the spot by Constable Arthur McQuinn acting on the orders of an overzealous Crown attorney Sinclair was eventually acquitted of the public-order charge, but not before he'd spent a night in Don Jail. For weeks afterward in his daily radio newscast on CFRB, he spoke of little else.

Within three months of Harvey Matthews' new-fangled conviction, it had suddenly become fashionable to start paying taxes for all sorts of reasons, including the freeloader. In Kamloops, B.C., an Indian mother of eight was jailed for a week after she refused to pay the sales tax on a bag of candy for her sickly protesting her treatment by the provincial welfare department. In Edmonton, John Salvatore, owner of Joe's Bar-B-Que, was fined \$250 for refusing to deduct federal income tax from the paychecks of his two employees.

In Montreal, at the annual meeting of



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HYDE PARK CLOTHES

Read *L'Espresso's* Paris Quilbours in February 1971, a revolution was introduced from the floor urging party members to withhold 27 percent of their federal income tax — the percentage, according to a separatist economist, by which Quebec was being "short-changed" by Ottawa. The resolution was voted down, 192 to 216.

And in Winnipeg a man named Gerald Hart, the part-time proprietor of an electronics store, suddenly found he was a man with an idea whose time had come. Hart had been a tax rebel for years. In 1959 he won a case against the federal government, when an appeal court held that the T-3 form he'd filed, which contained no financial information but a lot of freedom remarks, was a tax return within the meaning of the act. After that victory, he attacked his private war against the government, and consistently refused to collect sales tax.

Hart had for years been thought of as an endearing nut. But now, with the taxpayers' revolt in full swing, he suddenly found himself a hero. Should he become a strict phoning him to ask how they too could avoid collecting provincial sales tax. Hart's advice was always the same: "Just go ahead and do it, and let them bloody well try to stop you." A lot of small letters across the country followed Hart's advice. Surprisingly there were few prosecutions.

By the spring of 1971 the revolt had escalated into the private protest of a few individuals to a movement that had solid, middle-class backing. There were no recorded cases of homeowners tearing municipal towers, since that could have meant loss of their homes, but at cocktail parties, office coffee breaks, service-club handshakes and even in beauty salons and nightclubs, the revolt was talked about, and talked about approvingly.

After all, some of the biggest businessmen in the nation had waited for years that rising government expenditures were refinancing and thus robbed ordinary

people of their future incomes. A year before the revolt began, J. V. Cline, then chairman of MacMillan Bloedel Limited, had attended his shareholders that a typical \$30,000-a-year executive in the U.S. would pay about \$5,750 in income taxes, but in Canada the same man would pay about \$8,300. "There is no doubt," said Cline, "that we in Canada are badly over-governed and such government and such level of government is looking for more money than it is generating."

There was also resentment about the government's apparent waste and mismanagement. The auditor general's report for 1968 — the one that revealed all those astonishing expenditures to refit HMCS *Albatross* — was bad enough. But his report for 1970, tabled in the Commons in March 1971, did nothing to enhance public confidence. There was, for instance, the sum of \$723,000 the Canadian Armed Forces spent for Ping-Pong balls and tennis rackets, and the financial scandal over the \$327,589 a Prime minister had charged the Agricultural Rehabilitation and Development Administration for the construction of 427 outposts — an affair the newspapers labeled "The Prime Minister's Scandal."

With the flood of criticisms, resistance seemed to erupt almost a patriotic act. Patrick Watson, the TV interviewer told an NDP speaker that he planned to withhold 15.6 percent of the federal income tax on his five-figure income — that was the portion the government was spending on defense. "I Ottawa spend that money on a guaranteed annual income," he said, "I wouldn't object."

Watson went on to point out that between 1966 and 1968, federal spending had increased by an average of 13 percent each year — far faster than incomes. And according to a United Nations survey, which measured the ratio between government revenues and gross national product, there were only 13 nations in the free world that out-spent Canada.

The opposition parties wanted the revolt with caution. Robert Stanfield deployed it in an exchange in the House of Commons on April 13, 1971. But he added, "It isn't really surprising, because this government has been assuming for some time that the taxpayers' ability to pay is infinite." In the same sitting, NDP Leader Tommy Douglas was criticized by Prime Minister Trudeau for managing "to deplore the rebellion and encourage the rebels in the same breath."

The government was generally restrained. Trudeau in reply to a question by Stanfield, said only that paying taxes is one of the inescapable duties of citizenship, and that the law provided penalties for those who tried to evade it. Though he conceded that continued tax resistance could lead to financial disaster, "he was clearly at pains to avoid dignifying the movement by acknowledging its effectiveness," Anthony Weir wrote in the *Toronto Star*.

The following June, at an economic session of the federal-provincial constitutional conference at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier, two constitutional issues were devoted to what had become an alarming decrease in provincial direct-tax revenues. The press was told that the provinces discussed "fiscal and constitutional matters," but the name of the meeting was summed up by BC's Premier Bennett, who told the gathering that later leaked it to the press: "Our people simply won't pay. It's as simple as that. And until your government, Mr. Prime Minister, adopts sound fiscal policies and provides sufficient revenue channels for the provinces to meet their constitutional obligations, we as the West cannot continue for the consequences."

Trudeau got the message. Over the next three months, in a series of frequent consultations in Ottawa, between federal and provincial finance ministers, governments agreed to draft budgets aimed at cutting spending by as much as 10 percent. Then, in September 1973, Trudeau discovered that

Stock market slides Industry polls warn of impending disaster

Ottawa was as vulnerable as the provinces.

For the past six months or so, THRIFT, OPT/OUT and similar organizations across the country had been processing a highly original form of tax resistance.

You filled out your T-4 form correctly, but in scribbling up what you owed the government, you made an "arithmetical error," which brought the total to precisely zero. There was nothing illegal about it — after all, how can you be penalized for incorrect addition? — and you have to pay eventually. "But if five million taxpayers make mistakes in their arithmetics," one OPT/OUT leaflet said, "what's the computer going to do? And where does Ottawa get its money measure?"

At first this, too, was regarded as a lighthearted idea, although some viewed it as dangerous to the economy — notably the *Windsong Free Press*, which ran a front-page editorial deploring the idea. The *Free Press* was right. Early in August the Department of National Revenue secretly commissioned a public-opinion survey. While, in mid-September, he saw the results, Finance Minister Edgar Benson asked for an immediate meeting with the Prime Minister. Using borrowed cars, they drove to a secluded skiing lodge in the Gatineau Hills.

"All the findings of the survey are reliable," Benson said, "23 percent of the taxpayers aren't going to be sending us money next April 30."

"What does this mean?" asked Trudeau.

"If the word gets out," replied Benson, puffing on his pipe, "it means a financial and monetary crisis that would eat your heart. We'll have to devalue the dollar down to God knows where."

Benson explained that his department's computers were now programmed to reject any tax returns that were computed incorrectly. These returns then had to be processed by hand.

"It means we'll have to hire maybe

5,000 extra people to recalculate the returns and send out the assessments." And what would the government do for money in the meantime?

"We live on our cash reserves," said Benson, "and we borrow like mad. God knows what it will do to interest rates." Already, the stock market was reacting to what appeared to be an impending financial disaster (some private firms had been supplying options themselves). In a single day, after the Gallup Poll reported in October the probable extent of the taxpayers' revolt that would come to a head on April 30, the industrial average on the Toronto Stock Exchange fell an unprecedented 7.65 points. By November

1, 1971, some \$5.6 billion had been shaved off the value of TSE stocks.

Traditionally a crisis on his hands left Trudeau, he had tended to downplay the revolt in the hope that it would pass out like dew, with Christmas approaching; it became apparent — even to the most lenient of the tax rebels — that the cure might be worse than the disease.

The downward pressure on the market, combined with frantic speculation against the Canadian dollar in New York and Zurich, created a reaction approaching financial panic. The price of Canada Savings Bonds, undermined by the public's apparent loss of confidence in its government, dropped sharply. The three-month interest rate, already higher, in mid-November, a consortium of New York bankers charged Ottawa an unprecedented 14.35 percent on a short-term treasury bill issue. The government of Canada had become a long-shot risk.

Consumers quickly felt the pinch. Bank credit dried up for almost everybody. By Christmas, Canada had achieved Instant Depression. Finance companies, flayed by high interest rates to nullify consumer loans, began repossessing cars and refrigerators. Retail sales were off an estimated 36 percent. *The Financial Post* reported "consumers are looking — but not buying."

Unemployment, already at its highest rate since 1963 because of a business slowdown, climbed still higher in the weeks before Christmas.



Selling frenzy at the Toronto Stock Exchange has forced mines and industrial averages down as Canadians step up the nationwide fight against taxes.



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The Prime Minister did not spend that Christmas holiday in Tahiti as he had planned. Instead, he summoned his most trusted cabinet for an emergency session. Then, working tirelessly with officials from Finance, Justice, National Revenue and a team of speedwriters and executive assistants, he drafted a legislative package for presentation to the House on the first Monday in January 1972.

On Sunday night, he took the unprecedented step of going on both television networks to announce what parliament would be told the following day.

Trudeau's speech was calm, professional and tough. He acknowledged, for the first time, the extent of the revolt and the financial panic and spoke of the reasons behind it:

"All of us," he said, "are concerned at the cost of big government. But all of us, let me remind you, are responsible for it. If the Canadian people wish their government to provide the services a modern state requires, they must be prepared to pay for them. If they don't want medicines, education, highways and aid for the depressed regions of the country, let them say so — but at the polls, not on their tax returns."

"My government has decided — and here I speak with the concurrence of the leaders of both major opposition parties — that acts of commissions and customs designed to subvert the tax system will no longer be tolerated, and that I will submit amendments to the Criminal Code and income-tax act to give effect to this intention."

After only token debate, the amendments passed the House by Wednesday and the so-called "leaders" of the taxpayers' revolt found themselves liable to stiff penalties for "conspiring, aiding or advising commission of lawful taxes."

April 30 came and went without incident, marked by a scabily worded advertising campaign sponsored by the Department of National Revenue, built around the slogan "Pay Now — Or Pay The Price." But the campaign was largely unheeded. The public, horrified by the consequences of its actions, began to reverse itself. The revolt was over.

But it left some beautiful effects. In the following fiscal year, not a single provincial government presented a budget in which expenditures had increased. Large mining companies were deprived of several million dollars' worth of subsidies, forcing them to resort, reluctantly, to what came to be known as first category.

Even Harvey Milkman, the man who'd started it all, benefited. Sitting at his kitchen table one evening in April 1974, he calculated that his federal income-tax bill had been reduced by 13 percent. He told his wife and she said, "Well, I guess it was worth it then."

"I don't know," said Harvey. "It was really pretty scary, when you stop to think about it." □

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So we've added King Size & Regular, too.

PURELY PATHOLOGY, MY DEAR WATSON— THE BRIDE WAS DROWNED IN HER BATH

WAS IT MURDER, SUICIDE or accident? Society demands that every violent or unusual death be attributed to one of those three causes. In most cases the answer is obvious. But when there is the slightest doubt, the state-age blood-hounds go to work. A spectacular range of sophisticated scientific techniques are now available to help authorities establish the truth. That's why Terrence Milligan, despite his IQ of 135, won't really very bright. He thought the forensic sciences — sciences connected with the law — were still back at the fingerprint-and-formaldehyde stage.

Toronto police discovered Milligan's 19-year-old wife Jane dead in her bath on the morning of June 11, 1967. A small plug-in radio was submerged beside her. Everything pointed to accidental electrocution. But an autopsy by Ontario's chief pathologist showed that the real cause of death was by drowning. He also discovered a suspicious bruise on the girl's head. Tests proved Jane would have had time to react — too the radio out or leap from the tub herself — before the electrical discharge from that particular model stunned her.

The Crown concluded that Milligan 22, had knocked his wife unconscious, held her head under water until she died and then rigged the scene to resemble an accident (he had taken out a \$30,000 double-indemnity policy on her life). A jury agreed and young Milligan is now serving a life sentence for premeditated murder.

In contrast, the justice that confronted Toronto detectives on September 14, 1967, fairly rioted of murder — swift, brutal and denouncing as real-life homicides usually are. The body of a middle-aged woman almost dead, was found crumpled and bloody at the foot of a ugly 60-foot shale cliff on the Hamlet River. On the basis of the available evidence, the detectives decided the woman had been sexually assaulted, killed by a skull-crushing blow with a stone and her body dumped over the edge. Two men later admitted being at the scene about the time of death. More during, they confessed to stealing the woman's purse and the \$28 it contained. The case looked watertight.

However the suspects invited the woman had been

The Sherlock of today is building a science as he solves his whodunit...and revealing crimes nobody suspected. BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

very much alive — although falling-down drunk — when they left her. Moreover, they said, it was pitch dark; they had no idea the cliff was there. They denied sexual assault. A full-fledged scientific investigation was ordered.

A postmortem analysis confirmed that the victim had swallowed the equivalent of a quart of liquor shortly before dying. Microscopic examination of lacerations on her body and of clothing found soaked on the shale suggested she had indeed stumbled and fallen rather than been pushed or damped. Chemical tests showed that blood thought to be evidence of rape was actually a menstrual flow. Finally and conclusively, a forensic geologist proved that fragments in the fatal head wound could only have come from the rocks at the bottom of the cliff.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Fifty years ago these two suspects would probably have been hanged. And even 30 years ago Milligan would have stood a good chance of getting away with murder.

The reason the forensic sciences have made such remarkable advances is to meet the challenge to law enforcement and public safety created by the crime-loaded, accident-prone mass age. The magnifying glass and elementary deductive reasoning are no longer enough. We live in a society in which killings, beatings and assassinations, arson, burglary and theft are almost commonplace. Every gadget we buy, from the 300-horsepower Dodgeable in the garage to the electric toaster in the bathroom, is potentially lethal.

As a result, the modern crime laboratory is a place where a 100-year-old arsenic murder can be proved by examining one human hair and where a single saliva stain may identify a rapist, while gas chromatography (its analysis materials by burning them), electron microscopes and the latest principles of geophysics are routine tools of the trade. Many of the most recent developments in the field of scientific detection were discussed at the Fifth International Meeting of Forensic Sciences held in Toronto in June. If you time the reason that the boys in blue can't tell a hick from a hangman, consider some of the things the buck-tooth boys in white are doing



When today's criminal opens his mouth, he speaks clues: his voice and lips have 'records' he can't disguise

The answer to obscure telephone calls could be in a controversial invention called a sound spectrograph. Developed by G. L. Kerin in the U.S. Bell Labs, the machine could also prove valuable in identifying kidnappers, extortionists, potential bombers and anyone else who utters threats over the phone. Kerin insists that the size and shape of every human voice be different and that each person has a unique way of combining lip, tongue, palate and jaw movements to produce speech. Kerin claims his machine can detect individual vocal distortions, no matter how artfully the voice is disguised, and reproduce the sounds in a visual picture.

Although some experts question the accuracy of the sound spectrograph, researchers have so far been asked to submit as evidence in an American criminal trial and nobody has yet been able to fool the machine. Those who have had include professional mimics, ventriloquists and even the late Brandon Baker. Baker used Kerin's a total of 10 voices in a variety of scenes. The lab decided not to voice belonged to Baker and the others to four different people. Baker was dumbfounded.

Although doubts have been expressed about spectrographs, no one questions the individual uniqueness of the lips from which the words fall. Japanese researchers have established that the lip groove patterns of each person are different. The message for gift crooks who wear lipstick: leave

Forgery is the loser's art. Twenty-three clues give the penman away — and the forger can't avoid them all

The only school for anyone contemplating a career in forgery is, don't you see, the school of nature. Even forgers lagging in Cursive pass right now than any other type of cursive specialist. True, a good forger



may be able to find a more clerk or a bank teller or even a third lawyer, but what he leaves behind is evidence so personal that any trained examiner of questioned documents would be able to nail him dead.

What makes forgery so easy to de-

fect, says a Dutch handwriting expert, are the subconscious inaccuracies of the writing hand. A person may think he has disguised his writing completely by making his letters rounded instead of angular or altering the style of his capitals. But the spaces between the letters or his way of connecting them may be the same as in his natural handwriting. There are at least 23 separate characteristics in handwriting. Most forgers will change three and



think they have done the job. Yet there are 20 points of identity left that one tip him. Furthermore, an American expert has shown that personal handwriting characteristics remain even when a person resorts to disguised block capitals.



The bald criminal's chances are better: hair traps telltale evidence

Exposure to industrial dusts and vapors can cause certain trace elements to be deposited in the hair and embedded in the skin. Abnormally high levels of arsenic, selenium or mercury have been found in the hair of people who regularly handle those substances. That a factory worker or lab technician phoning a violent crime runs low risk of he not only wears gloves but is bald. In one homicide case, analysis of blood smears on the blouse of the victim indicated the presence of lead. When one of the suspects was questioned, it was learned he had been working for a firm making tungsten carbide in the line of the crime. Traces were found in his hair and on his hands. This physical evidence, along with other implicating factors, helped to convict him.

Behind him the criminal has left a trace of saliva, semen or blood — it's enough to help science identify him

These days a beggar should be careful not to drop saliva when he licks the family greeter. Recent discoveries show that 95 percent of human beings are "secretors" — persons whose sweat and saliva contain a water-soluble substance indicating their particular blood group. Crime labs now have a fast method for making this analysis from minute traces of a suspect's blood. However, the blood group doesn't provide positive identification but can considerably narrow a list of suspects. A British study, incidentally, indicates that for reasons not yet known, alcoholics are less likely to be secretors than others.

With actual blood stains, secretors can not only distinguish individual blood from every blood, but are able to tell the age of the dried blood. A more dramatic development may be just around the corner. Experiments conducted in England and the United States involving the same four different proteins that have been detected in blood, show that it is possible to link a particular bloodstain to a particular individual. When the process is perfected, it will revolutionize criminal investigation. A man's, whose clothing was splattered by his victim's blood, would be hard put to explain how the unique stain of that individual got there.

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A plane crashes into the sea. Why? Investigators found the answer — by X-raying a cushion and dissecting a man's lungs



One of the most extensive exercises in scientific detection in recent years centered around the mysterious 1967 crash of a BEA Comet-4B in the eastern Mediterranean. The plane apparently crashed up at 25,000 feet and spiraled slowly down, spilling out passengers over a wide area. Most of the bodies and some of the debris were

recovered but the bulk of the wreckage had sunk to an unconquerable depth. A British team of forensic scientists set to work with the task of establishing what had caused the disaster.

They began by reconstructing the seating arrangements of the passengers and relating this pattern to the various injuries on the bodies. It seemed clear from autopsy evidence that there had been a break in the hull toward the rear of the plane resulting in rapid decompression. The initial conclusion was that an exhaust engine had ripped away from the wing and smashed into the side of the fuselage.

But that theory didn't jibe with some of the other findings. Eventually, the investigation arrived in on the body of one man who had received extensive injuries and in a severely damaged seat cushion found floating near him. X rays of the cushion revealed unusual traces of an explosive material, similar traces were discovered in blood stains taken from the man's lungs. Following up that lead, the team was able to prove the aircraft had been sabotaged by a plastic bomb lying at the man's feet. "They were," says one of the investigators, "probably the work of a bomb over assassin."

A man is awakened suddenly. He's dazed. He kills — but is not held responsible. Yet science can trap pretenders

Perhaps the only time a man can quarrel with capacity is when he is still half asleep. Most countries recognize that a person is not responsible for his actions while sleeping and this immunity has been extended to cover the phenomenon of sleep-drunkenness — violent irrational acts by a man who has been suddenly and rapidly awakened. In the United States, the man may stand and kill whoever happens to be in the same room with him. He is under the impression he is fighting ghosts, wild beasts or intruders. Since 1790 there have been 18 recorded cases of sleep-drunkenness murders all by men between the ages of 27 and 43.

What's to prevent a calculating murderer pretending to sleep drunkenness? Forensic psychiatrists say there are certain characteristics common to all true cases of the sleep-drunkenness syndrome that would be difficult for a person to fake. Naturally, they are reluctant to make the details available to the general public. But their basic facts can be stated: the violent acts always occur between three quarters of an hour to two hours after falling asleep; the person must be in a psy-



chological state to perform an act of violence, although research suggests his behavior is not directly associated with dreams; the period of sleep-drunkenness never lasts longer than three minutes; the man's movements are crude; his eyes are open and lighted and words seem incoherent to him afterward; he often lapses into a state of amnesia and seldom makes any attempt to escape.

She shot herself by accident, claimed the husband. Blood spatters taught him how not to murder your wife

The secret seems to be to avoid splattering blood. Barbara MacDonald, a U.S. criminologist who has made a special study of this grisly phenomenon says many gun killers make the mistake of standing too close to their victim and thus are sprayed by blood from the wound. Not only is the blood on his person a serious problem for the murderer but the pattern of the spray can help police picture the crime. One law, MacDonald helped catch left a perfect profile of himself outlined on the wall with his victim's blood.

"We got the best results," he says, "to clean where the victim was shot in the head. This produces much more splatter than with breast wounds, where clothes absorb the spray. And the more splatters there are, the more experts can tell about the shooting. There was a case in which a husband claimed his wife had accidentally killed herself by stumbling and tripping her shotgun. However, investigators found tracks of blood on branches five feet above the ground. This was absolutely inconsistent with her falling. The blood simply wouldn't have traveled that far."



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Two teeth from a jaw fragment identified a man who had been run over by 27 railcars

Although dental X-rays have long been used for the identification of bodies, the method has never been considered as reliable as fingerprints. Now Danish forensic dentists have created a set of standards that would make identification by teeth scientifically verifiable. Dental identification has two advantages over fingerprinting: teeth survive longer than finger prints and, more important, they don't X-ray. *—A. S. Jørgensen, The Dental X-ray, 41, 2, 1969*

A guard man speaks to forensic scientists—to reveal his killer, and to save your life

For years specialists in pathology were dismissed as the lullaby of the medical camp. Why bother cutting up bodies when the real business of medicine is curing the living? Now it is generally recognized that the work of forensic pathologists is of paramount importance. Discoveries made during postmortem examinations lead to advances across the whole field of preventive medicine. Establishing the cause of a particular death is only part of the pathologist's job; his other objective is to learn how to stop similar deaths happening in the future.

Thanks to pathological studies, medicine is now coming to grips with an increasingly prevalent fatal disease called atherosclerosis. It's a cancer-like growth in the large caused by arteries dirt and fibers. Research by Dr. J. S. P. Jones in Nottingham, England, shows that even brief exposure to soot can cause death 25 or 30 years later. Four women who died within weeks of each other were found to be suffering from atherosclerosis. It was then learned they had all been part of a team working with asbestos in a gas-cask factory during the early months of World War II. Since production of asbestos began to mushroom in the 1930s, and since the material is now used in literally hundreds of thousands of manufacturing processes, there is the tragic possibility of an epidemic of asbestos deaths within the next dec-

ade unless preventive measures are taken quickly.

Another major discovery concerns deaths caused by air embolism, bubbles of air in the heart or blood vessels. Such deaths are commonly encountered after crude attempts have been made to procure an abortion by puncturing into the uterus. But a British pathologist uncovered half a dozen cases of air-embolism deaths among young girls where there was no evidence of an attempted abortion. Investigation showed that a new kick abortion happen it to blow into a girlfriend's vagina. The happen didn't know that a couple of lungfuls of air could cause sudden and painful death.

Research compiled by an Ottawa



pathologist, Dr. H. Alexander Haggard, could have a profound effect on the future of heart-transport surgery. He has established that victims of fatal heart attacks may suffer a spontaneous laceration or rupture of the heart wall because of the trauma associated with the injury. Since most heart doctors so far have been head-injury victims, there is a possibility that many of the apparently healthy hearts transplanted in the past may have been damaged. This might explain some of the failures.

Although pathologists have become something of the glacial boys of medicine, there are still far too few specialists in this field. In fact, every case of unnatural death should be investigated by a complete autopsy. The need for this was demonstrated by a British study completed this year. Of 5,039 unnatural deaths examined, it was found that 263 had not been suspected by doctors or police until an autopsy was performed. The bulk of these cases involved herbicides or carbon-monoxide poisoning, but they also included 17 battered women, case abortions and one wonder. All told, 27 major crimes would have been missed were it not for the pathologist.

While it's true the forensic sciences have made incredible advances in recent years, none of the sophisticated techniques are of much use if the crime is never discovered in the first place. The British study raises the chilling possibility that, because of lack of proper training and facilities, about five percent of unnatural deaths are never detected. That may cause the potential murderers among us, but for the rest of us it's less than reassuring. □

The gun that kills is a gun that writes its signature

A basic tenet of the criminologist's creed is that each gun barrel leaves distinctive rifling marks on the bullets that pass through it. However, since the mid-1950s many gun manufacturers have adopted the misbegotten idea of rifling. The grooves, once necessary for firm grips, are created by hammering a swage block ("butter" down the bore. The question worrying forensic experts: would two barrels rifled by the same hammers have identical characteristics?

Researchers at the RCMP's Mr. Brownack lab decided to establish once and for all whether there is a carry-over of bore signature in such cases. They obtained three new .30-06-caliber rifles that had consecutively rifled barrels. "Swage" marks on test firings proved conclusively that there was detectable differences among the barrels. It still remains to be seen if this is an

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CANADIANS YOU SHOULD KNOW



The housewife denmother to the folk-song crowd

For a folk singer, dropping in at Ethel's in Toronto is like coming home. There was one evening, long ago, when Bob Berts of the singing Skene Family sat in a corner of the living room, strumming guitar and sermoneering Bessie Dowd, while Theodore Babel presided over the crowd, steering new arrivals in Yiddish.

The next person to walk in might well have been Joan Baez. Pete Seeger or even the secretive Bob Dylan and nobody would have blinked twice — least of all the hostess, Ethel Klein, a 56-year-old housewife whom Sybil (Mrs. Ina) Towner calls the house mother of the whole folk crowd.

No stranger, Ethel nevertheless got hooked on folk music as a teenager at campfire songbooks, began leading friends' song concerts, then in the late '50s helped found the Toronto Folk Music Guild to demand better wages and working hours for coffeehouse performers. Now, as an ardent devotee (since 1964) of the Manitoba Folkfest, she picks a year-around

job out of engaging dozens of the country's leading folk artists for the three-day annual folkfest on Toronto Island. "Usually," says Owee Rensil, "I take arrangements and go to get things done in the business, but Ethel does it with proven understanding."

Her authority comes for such smart old souls for a life. Hermost performers have learned they're always welcome at the old house in Toronto's suburban Rosedale district, where Ethel lives with her architect-husband Jack and their 18-year-old son Paul. For beginners she has words of encouragement: for old timers, reassurance — though as Ethel herself says, "I try not to push myself into their problems. But if they ask me, I do what I can."

Typically David Blevins now working out of New York remembers the vivid way to demand and cash your wage sends a Christened card. "Nobody else did that." "You got straight answers from Ethel — not flattery," adds Bonnie Gelfand. And Gordon Lightfoot seems to speak for a good many successful stars who, like for Ethel, might never have made it. "She made us believe in ourselves."

Quebec's No. 1 salesman says jobs beat separatism

If it's true, as some economic determinists insist, that economic growth will put an end to separatism, then Quebec's most effective advocate of the individual cause could well prove to be a hardcase, hard-working, 51-year-old squeaky champion from Montreal named Paul Dumas, QC.

More than a year ago, Dumas, a wealthy corporate lawyer and director of several Quebec companies, broached an idea to Jean-Paul Bessy, Quebec's Minister of Industry and Commerce. What the province needed, Dumas suggested, was a vigorous organization to go out and put new investment.

The result was the critical last March of the government-backed General Council of Quebec Industries, with Dumas as president and director-general, and a 55-member board of directors of such calibre as Charles Brassfield, president, Hesse of Saguenay, Conrad P. Harrington, president, Royal Trust, and Aer Vap-Morhal M. M. Henshild, president, Allied Chemical Canada Ltd.

With their active support Dumas at gathering and spreading the facts about Quebec's new economic growth. Among his recent new clients: a German company setting up a \$10-million chemical plant, Golden Eagle Refiners investing \$70 million, Quebec North Shore Paper building a \$50-million pulp mill.

To control the vast Dumas has a \$150,000 budget of government money and is working a 16-hour day, seven days a week. Even so, he manages to see his family of five children regularly, jog daily around the mountain near his Westmount home, and gets in two or three sessions of squash each week (He and Brendan Macken of Toronto are current Canadian doubles champions).

Quaint, however, his casual, though important, can do much to help solve Quebec's political problems. A better economic climate can create more opportunities for young Quebecers, many of whom, he believes, are separatist out of frustration and disappointment. "Give them jobs," he says confidently, "and they'll become conservatives."



The girl who put Joerdans at the top of the 'pops'

The Vancouver Art Gallery, as usual, was humming in its room. Shagunagun merrymen, appalled Refrains red were in their show paintings from the gallery's retail collection. In another, people occurred through a show of Billy Al Bengtson's kindly-colored, photo-styled wall panels. Elsewhere, a kind of flower children were admiring a large Jacob Joerdans on loan from the National Gallery. Joerdans' dreams were gross and corrupt, and one of the left revealed, "My thing the same thing as the Beatles in Pepper."

It was a happy, happy scene, and it was a tribute to the gallery's senior curator, Doris Shadbolt, who says her job is to "assist in the breakdown of the bar between life and art."

Mrs. Shadbolt, together with gallery director Tony Emery, have come a long way toward achieving that aim. Six years ago the place was a museum, its program only by a provocation of Emily Carter. Today it's a different scene.

Much of the credit is due to Emery, an urbane Englishman whose showmanship has convinced many Vancouverites that visiting the gallery is no more onerous an experience than going to the movies. But showmanship alone didn't create the transformation for the sheer quality of the VAG's shows in recent years his attention both local artists and international acclaim. And the job of pulling together a first class show is, where Mrs. Shadbolt excels.

Her new due was 1981's *Art of the Future*, easily the best exhibit of west-coast Indian art ever assembled. But there have been smaller shows that write themselves of compression and taste — such as last January's *New York II* which gave Vancouver its first look at such far-out superstars as Warhol, Segal and Claes Oldenburg.

"We're getting visitors now," says Mrs. Shadbolt, who heard about it as New York or London. "More important, though, is the gallery's new involvement in the life of the city." There's no longer cause in expecting it, quite, aesthetic experience," she says. "They come simply because there are interesting things to be seen, heard and felt."

The tycoon who makes fortunes out of failures

The self-made tycoon who specializes in one line of business is always open to the surprise that he just happened upon a lucky streamer. The real test is to take one idea, follow it through to the end, and make one good prosper.

Jack Fraser, 38, of Winnipeg passed his test with one "back," says a friend, "is only happy when he's up to his ears in a never-ending financial stream." Fraser has been happy often, before he earned his corporate degree (BSc. in business '52) he bought an aircraft-helicopter trucking company in Saskatoon. In seven years he boosted its annual gross from \$250,000 to two million dollars, then sold out to the CNR.

Six years ago he started Winnipeg's retail machines by acquiring Harford Drexler, a respected but declining merchant chain on Portage near Main. Soon he had a heraldic fashion-conscious under-30s troupe in for trendy items he'd needed in the U.S. Fraser became his own walking advertisement, appearing in as many as two new editions a week.

He doubled HD's sales volume last, as



a third Mrs. Fraser is a sister he met in college. Fraser sold the chain to a new owner, but he kept his job. After leaving as its managing director of Northwest Design and Fabrication (then making jeans, hats, underwear, etc.), Fraser joined a private equity fund which performed much better. Fraser joined a Manitoba government agency into supervising the mobile home trade. The findings, a big market potential. That was all Fraser needed to know. By this time, Northwest's sales were up 400 percent over the previous year (\$2.52 million) and Chrysler Ltd.

When he's not sitting sales chairs or checking plant production with a stop-watch, Fraser is busy on community affairs (under his leadership, Manitoba Theatricals won 1980 award, tickets one person — an MTC record) and drawing public funds don't quickly for get "A good rule" says one frequent purveyor. "It's the better part of two days."



The No. 2 who finds fun brying harder in politics

In the Saskatchewan Legislature the debate had begun heated for several days, and somebody asked David Gordon (Dany) Stewart, the Liberal government's pugnacious little Treasurer and Deputy Premier, where he stood.

"Well," he said, "some of my friends are in favor and some are against. And I always stand squarely with my friends."

The typical politician's short comeback is not rather that witty. As the increasingly influential right-hand man to Premier Ross Thatcher, Stewart has one knock his boss has never acquired: the ability to take the sting out of debate by a sudden succession of wit.

It's a natural wit but it took a while to regular among MLAs. After a stint as mayor of Prince Albert, Stewart got into the provincial house by narrowly winning a by-election in 1962. Serving with the Liberal Opposition, he looked at first like anything but a man who would soon have a lot to say about the way the province would be run. "I spent two months trying to say something and consistently being cut off by the opposition."

But with the Liberal victory of 1964, Stewart moved into the cabinet and shy look changed to a succession of positions — Health, then Natural Resources and finally, in 1967, Treasury. By then Stewart had also picked up the title of Deputy Premier. (An administrator he may be a political thinker he's not.) He has been known in a single breath to demand "an orderly new approach to welfare — then advocate nuclear power, the cost of the cost that failed in the '60s."

Early in 1968, Thatcher made it plain that he didn't want his willing and able right aide, driving madly off the frequent squabbles between the government and the University of Saskatchewan. Thatcher checked out of the argument and in Stewart rode out the storm.

Then, last winter, with Thatcher tied to attend the federal-provincial conference in Ottawa, Stewart stepped in to the breach. Recovering his appearance there, he rarely chided his pushover. "The speech was great," says Ross — but the jokes were more so. □



It's a big job to take the mine's history and, as he says, "Change some of them if you figure they're not safe habits and establish safety standards when the mine is not around."



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During his shift, Eric goes from level to level checking to see that his men understand and are following the rules. Safety glasses on. Life-line stratched when working near a hole. Hanging explosives the right way. Testing the rock face for loose ground before drilling. These and many other checks, day after day. Passing on information from the safety experts and mine supervisors. Carrying out safety demonstrations below ground. Practising first aid. If never stops.

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wilderness

POWER

**from the cataract of Churchill Falls; a project
so enormous 'a man can't get his mind around it'**

AT 6:05 P.M. ON WEDNESDAY, May 21, at about the time two Apollo 10 astronauts were preparing to bathe the surface of the moon, Eddie St. Amour and Jean-Yves St. Pierre ticked the last of 165 sticks of Forcite explosive into the 12th bore hole drilled that afternoon, then slowly rode their clanking hoist back 1,193 feet down the blackness of the shaft they had spent three months digging.

This shaft is properly described as Penstock No. 1 of the \$950-million Churchill Falls hydro-electric power project in anti-Labrador. It is the biggest civil-engineering project under way in North America, the biggest single-site hydro-power job in the world and the efforts of around 4,500 men and 607 women living in luxury halfway to nowhere are dedicated to making sure that on November 1, 1971, the falls will have run dry and the diverted water will pour down these penstocks, or chutes, past generators producing enough power to run Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver as well.

Eleven penstocks are being cut out from the bottom up, the bottom being a cavern burrowed about a mile inside the young mountains of dark-grey Labrador rock that forms one wall of the Churchill River gorge. Each penstock is one-fifth of a mile high and 32 degrees off the vertical, so that it is a major engineering achievement to come out on the surface at the prescribed point. It is the more vital to do so because they are building the water intake structure on the surface simultaneously, and if the penstocks come through a foot or so out it could cost \$100,000, \$500,000, a million, two; in the heady figures of Churchill Falls' financing, no one seems to know for sure. Penstock No. 1, therefore, was the most visible of all the milestones reached that far in the Churchill Falls project. That afternoon of Wednesday, May 21, everyone at

BY ALAN ECKHART / PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORST ENRICH



6:14 p.m. May 21, 1986: In danger (center right) has just tunnel through a massive rock display to finish a shaft that, with 19 others, will make Churchill Falls run dry in 1991. The boss, Ullric Bertram "Shake" Holstein (above), stands surrounded by empty explosive boxes. On the surface where they are coming and water (below) (right) the shaft emerged barely two inches off-center.



POWER

the ramp knew the miners were clearing the surface. At 6:08 p.m. Eddie and Jean-Yves reached the foot of the shaft. Eddie took the cable that runs up the shaft to the electric line igniter near the top, unspooled it and jammed the barrel into a low electric-light socket. Above, a spark lit the Thermaulite fuse. It splattered along at seven seconds to the foot for one massive wall 10 seconds before meeting the 10 feet of actual explosive fuse that just blasted a ledge before setting off the Porcupine, which is a mixture of nitroglycerine and conventional dynamite.

On the surface, a surprisingly small piece of rock belched six feet into the air, along with a puff of dust and smoke. Underground, clattering boulders tumbled out of the bottom of the hole. Eddie St. Anouar walked to the hole, felt a draft and happily stepped Jean-Yves, his friend and engineer, from Via. They were through. It was 6:15 p.m. Later, they heard that the headthrough was not two inches off where it should have been.

Eddie and Jean-Yves both say they are interested in cash, not prestige — but both stayed on after their shift ended at 3 p.m. to join their night-shift colleagues of the house of breaking through the last cap of rock and make the shaft 1,391 feet from bottom to top.

That evening, and the next day, a lot of people — engineers, construction bosses, cut drivers, a town water — went to inspect the paged two-by-three-foot hole. It is at the base of the wall carved by explosives in the top of the Churchill River gorge to make the water intake. They stood near it in their mandatory hard hats, smoking, growing, staying late. But when asked, none of them would concede that it was much of an achievement. Even Ullric Sherman Shogakukan, a John Wayne character who bosses the million-dollar mining part of the project and is not by nature opinionated would only murmur something about it being "what we're here for."

It was a puzzling modesty, and a couple of days later when Bill Seale, the deductive chief surveyor, pointed out over his fifty-year that just a few hours after the headthrough two Apollo astronauts had flown to within one mile of the moon. If the space-men make it all feel puny, that particular feat was even more humbling in the case of Churchill Falls. "If you measure what we've done does that again."



what they're doing up there, it doesn't seem to amount to much," said Seale.

It does though. Like reaching the moon, harnessing Churchill Falls has been one of the few clearly discernible technical goals of this century. In 1994, government geologist A. P. Low looked to the central-Labrador town named after the hydro, looking south of the town named Grand Falls — at 345 feet, they're 35 feet higher than Niagara — and reported to see that there was "several columns of horsepower" in them. Every Canadian politician who ever had a Vision of the North (and they have been legion) has had his holder at the back of his mind the image of Churchill Falls covered by a plume of spray that with eternal rainbows. But word now there has been neither the technical ability to transmit the power out to where it was needed, nor men with guts enough to risk the millions and reputations involved.

But in this decade the engineers have been quietly rethinking Canada's northward. While politicians are still bawling up northern visions, engineers who hardly know the meaning of the term are sleeping restfully, building inland roads, reaching mountains, changing the face of the land away from the belief in the quarter-century Canada. The Peace River dam the Columbia River project, the potash mines of Saskatchewan, Kettle Rapids in Manitoba, Manicouagan in Quebec: Churchill Falls — above all, Churchill Falls.

The previsions are historic. The falls sit on the edge of a vast-shaped piece of Labrador that is part of the land rather than a small island. It was described as *Land of the God* by the Cree. These who know it say that Cree properly passed it on to someone else even the Indians have never lived there.

To reach the falls and begin work on the project was built 120 miles of boulder-strewn road from the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway, itself an engineering wonder, through the sub-Arctic forest of muskeg, stunted spruce and birch. In winter the temperatures hover around 30-below. It begins to snow in September and by the time it ends the next May about 150 inches of the stuff have fallen. Through June a host of bears of muskeg as big as a quarter and the ubiquitous black bear of a land still pebbled with patches of glacial snow, pockmarked with the footprints of moose and caribou and the occasional wolf.

The atmosphere of it all is hard to grasp. Andy Lefebvre, a veteran of construction jobs from Africa and Latin America through to the Toronto subway, says with a shake of his head, "It's like being for a year to get his mind around. It is an enormous job, impossible and completely mind-blowing and you can only do what you can."



1,200 feet underground miners are ripping out the world's biggest below-ground powerhouse. Five miles as the crow flies to the southeast of Churchill Falls. It is 15 miles below Churchill Falls. Above the falls, they will dam the river, build a reservoir more than a third as big as Lake George — and the stored water will run into the power house at the rate of 9,785,000,000 gallons a year.

It's the world's biggest hydro project, able to fill six million bathtubs, drain a land twice as big as Holland and girdle the globe with 65 million light bulbs



The death of the rough, tough, slip-sliding construction camp, bulldozers in the main hall, dancing in the parking lot and a rather good-night bus by the bunkhouse door at curfew time

POWER

do, and not see it all." Much of the work is scheduled and monitored by computers in Montreal. The efforts of public-relations men to reduce the project to people-size have been frantic, and sometimes ludicrous. A seven-page fact sheet cheerfully given to anyone who asks tells you that the neutral-Labrador water will eventually be flooded to make a reservoir more than a third the size of Lake Ontario, that 9,740,000,000,000 gallons of water from an area almost twice the size of The Netherlands will flow through the penstocks every year into the largest underground powerhouse in the world, that it will produce more than 34-billion kilowatt hours of electricity a year, increasing Canada's hydro-power output by 20 percent. In one of the more desperate flights of fancy, public-relations man Langrvin Cold calculated that one underground chamber would always contain enough water to fill six million bathtubs. "Without people in them," they are generously still working on the calculation of how many with people in them.

The bathtub analogy is singularly, if accidentally, apt because the bath bathroom could easily stand as one of the symbols of what the Churchill Falls development has done to the hardy old myth of life in the raw in northern construction camps. At Churchill Falls men have bathtubs. And showers. And automatic washers and dryers in most 10-room, 20-man bunkhouses. And sheets on the bed and maid service (though the maid is a man, and called a janitor). And first-class movies. And a choice of drinks in the massive mess hall. And a canteen and a library. And.

To reach Churchill Falls Main Camp, perched on the edge of the river gorge, you fly 250 miles from St. John's, New-



A men-only bar and a cataract of beer: 3,000 gallons a week to stay ahead of the thirst

foundland. Only freight comes by rail and steady over- takes express of both and water, and think that the only thing more staggering than the millions of people in North America is the amount of room left or more, and you reach the main barracks in the middle of the 38th city they call Main Camp. There you see a 50-ton behemoth of a truck, with five more 33,000 apiece, churning up a dirt storm that settles to reveal two little French-Canadian secretaries in sweaters and high-heeled boots tapping across to a tin-hut office for all the world as if it were Place Ville Marie in Montreal.

"We brought the females in earlier than on most projects as part of our policy to make the camp as good a place to live as possible — let's face it, living away from women isn't natural — and when they arrived last summer the men immediately began turning up to meals shaved and washed and tidy, much more spruced up than before," says Elmer Squares, the management-relations expert who is site manager for the Churchill Falls (Labrador) Corporation.

It was a good idea to both men and women. "At first,

found, only freight comes by rail and steady over- takes express of both and water, and think that the only thing more staggering than the millions of people in North America is the amount of room left or more, and you reach the main barracks in the middle of the 38th city they call Main Camp. There you see a 50-ton behemoth of a truck, with five more 33,000 apiece, churning up a dirt storm that settles to reveal two little French-Canadian secretaries in sweaters and high-heeled boots tapping across to a tin-hut office for all the world as if it were Place Ville Marie in Montreal.

to eat is the mess hall with hundreds of men, 10 men at a table, but not at the end of the table. They liked to use a woman in skirts, so I went my man become if it pleased them to see as an skirt, then it felt much to ask," says Charlotte Lebrun, who is 25, part, a little plump and has good legs in a man. "I have two very man skirts — they're 10 inches above the knee — but I don't wear them to the mess hall because although I want to be invisible I don't want to provoke the men."

There are 127 single women and girls who use the 900-seat mess hall and ate their first meal the view of, of not into contact with the construction workers. Thirty-four girls work in the house-sized mess hall and the snack bar, 63 are office girls, teachers and nurses. They are there for as many reasons as there are girls, for it's mostly the money. A waitress in the mess hall gets more than \$400 a month, plus quarters and she works in the snack bar, a secondary salary \$150 and the school librarian, who is 25 and wants to hide the fact she is very pretty behind her nose, brown stockings and a bun, gets \$11,000 a year.

All the mess-hall girls are from Newfoundland. The office girls are about half and half French and English Canadian, and to their trip to the mess hall in an occasion. The English-Canadian girls regard it as an ordeal. "All these hungry eyes, staring you naked," says one. The French-Canadian girls almost enjoy it. "At first I kept my coat on in the hall, but then I found the men are more gallant than I have ever known, and if a man looks at a woman and expects what he sees, then it is good for him," says secretary Helene Turcotte, formerly an MP's aide in Ottawa.

The presence of women in a construction camp is not in itself remarkable. For the past five years increasing numbers of engineers' wives have been going north with their husbands where are about 240 wives and families at Churchill Falls. But they usually live sequestered lives, so that the workers — the men northern legend says are rude and brutalized — are less likely to be inflamed by a glimpse of swaying hair or swelling calf. Nor are construction women intimidated by the men's heads, because in the past couple of years they have appeared in places such as the Kettle Rapids hydro development in Manitoba — but only when the personnel continuously brought in to run the installation had begun to take shape. What is unusual about the girls of Churchill Falls is that they should have been there in the early days of the job, and be expected to eat with all these hairy workers. As such, they are a little like the cows put into a bulling pen to gentle a snorting bull.

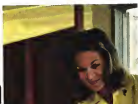
They are also the most subtle demonstration of just how even has been to pack has evolved with them to the wilderness. For several years, the half-life bunkhouse camp has been slowly giving way to a sort of broadened estate that has culminated in the lovely sprawl of Churchill Falls and now the Canadian north will never be the same again.

The summer there was 2,700 of the 4,300 work force at Main Camp, living in "bunkhouses" clustered about the recreation centre. This houses a movie theatre where three movies a week are shown on current release in Montreal, a bar lounge, a laundry, a community centre where the big silent sex movie shows every week and says to take or send home to the kids, a pool hall, dorm room, TV lounge, snack bar and seven telephone booths — which must be one of the Bell's most profitable installations ever, since there's a constant queue of men waiting outside each booth to call home on the radio.

The recreation centre also houses the entertainment officer's quarters and the men-only tavern, which is open from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. or the night club can have an after-10:00-hour, and from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. for the day club. "Just like home," says one man, "and no ketchup," says one man. The tavern sells around 23,000 bottles of beer a week at 50 cents a bottle, and the biggest problem is keeping the supply flowing during opening hours. Each Saturday night the "pub" opens 120 bottles of beer before the doors are unlocked, knowing the drunk warriors will have devoured them all within five minutes. "We have hardly any trouble here, but if the customers' thirst goes ahead of the pouring it could be disastrous," says assistant manager Norman Clyn, an improbably dapper figure in work-pipe shirt and tie. He is a man of about 40, with a mustache and a friendly smile.

There are several reasons why the accommodation and facilities at Churchill Falls are so envied, and are becoming more so: a new permanent town centre, complete with hotel and nightclub, but it due to be opened this fall. The biggest reason may be that Robert McParland, the 60-year-old president of the British Newfoundland Corporation, parent of the Churchill Falls company, once worked in the old-style construction-

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POWER



**Why go north?
It's mostly because
of the money.**

cars help him, both as a student and a worker, and don't like it much. The other is the kind of man involved in the project. Construction boss Ulrich Sherrin (Shakespeare Hodgson, in "Dinkie") in the construction business, says that most of the men working in northern construction are "up north missing family problems, any problems or drinking problems." By the way, the province of Ontario, which is the largest province in Canada, is being brought to fruition by the projects of urban society. But in the case of Churchill Falls, many of the men are there simply because there is no work in Newfoundland that pays as well as Churchill Falls, not because they have problems. To get and keep these kind of people, you've got to provide them with facilities," says camp boss Elmer Seaton.

All jobs must be offered first to Newfoundlanders, then to Quebecers. A basic laborer can earn \$700 a month and pays only \$60 a month for room and board. A heavy-truck driver makes as much as \$1,200 a month. Eddie St. Amant, who blew the charge that opened up the first pemmick, got \$1,380 for two weeks' work just before the breakthrough. And 200 lumberjacks clearing a path through the forest for the power lines can — and sometimes do — gross \$2,000 a month in pay and bonuses.

The pay and living conditions are similar at the string of nine oil-camps, between 15 and 140 miles from the hills, where men are mostly engaged in building dykes to contain the reservoir floodwaters. Life is lonely, and harder, for them—but still they get two meals a day, junior service, a choice of meats and the latest movies shown on 5,500 projectors usually operated by the camp cook.

All this, however, is life in the Camp.

Site as opposed to the Town site. The Town Site is where the management workers—top foremen, engineers, draughtsmen, managers, schoolteachers, policemen—live in furnished trailers, which provide about the same amenities and space as a two- or three-bedroom English apartment. There's a duplicate kitchen, a bathroom, a living room, a bedroom, a permanent heat with convector and wood-burner stoves, and what else you see in the biggest mobile office block east of Prince Rupert. The Town Site is where the school is, and the library, and the club where the bar is open to management men seven hours a day (more on Saturdays) and where you see that all-terrain vehicle system is part of the site. The all-terrain cars have hand controls, no shift.

The Camp Site and the Town Site are physically separated by a road officially called Ninth Street, and known to the men as Dotted Alley because the men-hall girls' bunkhouses are on one side. The staff dorm is on the other.

The recognized to use the staff stick all wear white hard hats, the workers' hats are colored. The towns are for men only, but on Saturdays men and women work in the same area and get friends to the staff. The staff are mostly men, but there are some women and teenagers and women who live in the town. She is a hotel but, unlike the town-hill girls, they have a lounge for entertaining boy friends. The town-hill girls have an 11 p.m. curfew, the office girls don't. The workers can entertain guests, but the town-hill girls can't. The town-hill girls are in fact, a small town with a small town designed for Expo 67, can entertain where they like, usually the office girls who are rendered more attractive by the fact they don't have a curfew. There's incredible snobbery and class in the town-hill girls. The town-hill girls are the school teachers.

The mini-bell girls have always had to kiss boy friends good-night on the back-hoose doorstep at 11 p.m. Not long ago there was an office-girl's rebellion because they were suddenly denied the right to actually entertain men in their rooms. It seems they had done so quite freely until one day management put up a notice in the lobby, which said: "No Men Past This Point." An outraged detachment of three girls stormed into the management offices, but were sent packing. "I must have treated like an animal schoolyard," says Barbara McKee.

The dress distinctions are traditional and may be needed for on-job discipline, the rules about drinking and gifts and other kinds of antisocial behavior are, says security officer Dick Vessey, an ex-Mountie sergeant, "the sort of code you've got to have because, after all, 100 gifts and a few thousand bucks are a potentially a well, a solid-state mine." Even less Elmer Scowen says, "The law

being of the state, because without them we won't be able to build the project as fast and on budget, and everything, rules included, is designed to make this as attractive and convenient a place to live as you might expect in the saddle of the bush."

To that end, each man is expected to take a couple of weeks off to go "inside" every six months after three months the company pays his fare out, and after sex it also sends up the fare back again. Drinking instead of working, being a cardsharp or a homosexual, fighting, standing or being caught in a compromising position with a member of the opposite sex — all lead to a seat on the next flight out. A man caught leaving a girl's room and the second man there caught in her room a few minutes later were sent out next morning. So was the girl.

The result of all these rules is that Churchill Falls is something of a disappointment to the romantic who goes there expecting to find rugged life in the raw. On Saturday nights the place is quieter than a town of the same size in the south.

I was there one Saturday when the big excitement was the showing of a movie about Catherine the Great, and the seriousness of the dark chaperoning. A prodigious quantity of beer was drunk, and the young men, they did not even faint, but they could not get any more. But at the same time there was a constantly replenished queue of about 50 men at the phones. Two groups of men played scratch games of football and volleyball in the arena built for ice skating, and when one footballer was kicked out of the field he declared that another was to do him. The young women on the volleyball took their rest. Outside, in the park, young gentlemen, a fiddler and a man playing the spoon entertained for an inopportune period of time. They played Newfound-land folk songs and sang them in a dialect very responsible to the English-speaking.

In the Town Site, a survivor who had worked on Pleasant No. 1 held a party for the hard-rock miners who had cut the shaft. For the session, the miners had crossed North Star from the Camp Site. Eddie St. Amour sat at a corner of the table, listening to Sinatra on the stereo, sipped a Town Colfax and said that he had never worked at a northern construction camp before and that it was very surprising to find pleasant rooms and washing machines and bathrooms and girls in maid uniforms. "The girls, it doesn't seem right," he said. "But otherwise it's exactly what you would expect."

Outside an animal hospital it might have been someone's pet poodle, but it was probably a timber wolf. □

Together in the bush

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Ontari-ari-ario

It's a nice place to visit, even when you live there.

POWER

continued



The men are taming the wilderness and the women are taming the men

"THE NORTH is the last place I know where your enemy isn't the guy at the next desk or office or car; it's the land around you and the climate and the difficulties of the job. Up here two men work together against them, because they're everybody's enemy anyway. Down south... well, as they say, it's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there."

The truth begins 123 paces from Gordon Sobhadda's front door on 12th Street in the Town Site of Churchill Falls, and last winter when it was 30-below and the snow congested 1000 walks on either side of the front path, he and his wife Marie put on snowshoes and took a 32 mile to hunt ptarmigan, which is a delicious Arctic grouse.

They found bad tracks just a few trees in, and followed. Soon they came across the tracks of a fox, which was also following the ptarmigan. Then the tracks ended: either the bad had flown or the fox had had dinner. They turned back to camp, and saw some additional tracks. A wolf had been following them.

Gordon Sobhadda is 30, a small, very fit man with difficult hair and colorful scars which may be why he doesn't talk much about his activities as Superintendent of the First Churchill Falls Troop. He is a married helicopter pilot, a scoutmaster between a Foreman and an engineer, and at Churchill Falls he supervises construction work on behalf of the development company. He and Marie are the kind of people who are changing the north.

They have been married six years, but were separated at first while Gordon worked in the north. Then, at Muskegonan, hydro-power project in northern Quebec, junior management

people were permitted the privilege that no more jobs had been available only to top brass—they, too, could have their families with them. Marie left a tidy suburban villa in Wolfand, in southern Quebec, and moved to the middle of nowhere to set up housekeeping in a three-bedroom trailer, pretty well interchangeable with the one they have occupied for the past year at Churchill Falls. For the first time they pay \$60 a month rent out of Gordon's \$14,000-a-year salary. Their arguments include many complaints they worked and lived with at Muskegonan.

In northern construction, a man's reputation precedes him, and it is beginning to be so with the wives. Gordon is known to be good with boys (he has two, James and Terrence), which is why he is a Board member, and Marie is known as someone you can depend on to good works. She collected \$160 for the Heart Fund and \$117 for the CNIB last winter, and says that "considering the salaries up here, my neighbors are damned good."

These activities are their modest contribution to creating an instant community. "Senseless," says Marie, "it comes together without any plan. The men are drawn together by the job, and the women by the isolation." There's a police hockey league, university extension courses, musical groups, bridge clubs, sewing circles and the library, run twice a week by Nina Russo, wife of the safety director. Gordon says every engineer has probably read Gibson's *Decline and Fall*, "whereas down south you'd have to

wait until you broke your leg or something to get through it." Marie says that in Churchill Falls the issues out of the cities is a joke. "Here, men are very masculine, and women pretty well obliged to be very womanly. Most wives sew and knit and embroider and can bake bread and make berry wines and other things you'd never dream of in the city."

There are also lots of parties, supplied with liquor by a twice-monthly "bulk run" in which the crew of a temporary plane on the run to Wabush fills liquor orders from outstation people only. Halfway through one such party Gordon stepped outside to look at the Northern Lights, and said, "Life in the north is fun because of the men and the people and the country. But it stays on a place like this you have to be able to feel you have built something, or are helping build something, that is useful and permanent and worth leaving behind. How much longer? Oh, I've got another 15, maybe 20 years on this sort of job. By then, you won't recognize the north country—not after what we've done to it." □



At a junior-management man, Gordon Sobhadda has a 3-bedroom trailer about as big as a city high-rise apartment. The wilderness he lives in is his doorstep, as instead of going "outside" the family gets their morning holiday shopping and taking down the Churchill River.

"The city's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there," he says.

The man at the top

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If a good idea is that, before you have a fire, to figure out how you'd get out of the house. From upstairs say, if the stairs are on fire, it's also very wise to teach your children how to react, what to do, where to go. Being calm in a fire is hard enough for anyone, but it's hardest of all for children who don't understand the dangers involved.

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WHEN IT COMES TO REPLACING what's gone with the fire, inflation could leave you flat. Say you paid \$25,000 for your home 10 years ago. It could easily cost you \$40,000 to replace that same home

today. And if your insurance is still based on the cost of the house, you could end up having to find \$15,000 in a hurry—or accept the smaller, poorer house you could get today for \$12,000.

What this suggests is that you should insure your home on replacement value rather than cost. And you should probably raise the amount of the insurance every year your policy comes up for renewal, because values have risen steadily just about every year for 25 years or so.

Not many people know that it's possible to get a settlement on your dwelling on a "new for old" basis. If you maintain insurance to at least 80% of the current replacement value, then your loss will be paid without deduction for depreciation. This particular clause is called an Optional Settlement Clause and has been standard in home insurance policies for quite a few years.

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Outfox the burglar

HERE ARE SOME GOOD RULES to follow. When you're going out, lock all the windows and doors. Leave a light burning. If you're going away on a trip, stop all newspapers and all deliveries. Another suggestion: get an electric timing device; this will turn lights on and off at certain times automatically... or, that

suggesting to strangers that you're "at home". Another possibility is to invite a friend or relative to "house-sit"; someone who might enjoy spreading out into a house from a room or an apartment.

If you have a number of items of high value in your home, (pearls, jewelry, works of art) it may be worthwhile having a burglar alarm installed.

Making a claim

WHETHER YOU'VE HAD A fire, burglary or other loss, your insurance agent is the man to get in touch with. In the case of the burglary you should also make a report to the police. Within 24 hours an insurance adjuster should be around. Now comes the hard part—knowing what's been lost and establishing its value.

Ifs your job to prove what you've lost. One of the best ways is to keep a notebook of the contents of every room in your house, taken before the loss. They'll help you to remember what you had. And you can use them as "facts" for the adjuster. Also, keep lists and receipts for furniture, pictures, appliances, clothes, jewelry. Keep your records in a safe place preferably away from the house.

A building contractor can establish proper values for damage to your home, and other experts can help you decide to repair or replace your furnishings. If you don't know any such people, the adjuster will give you assistance in finding them.

In co-operation—but also insist on co-operation. If you find you are not getting the maximum in service, don't hesitate to complain—where the national claims department of your insurance company direct—it's their job to help. Remember, for the best and satisfactory claims service you must have an adequate personal insurance programme. To make sure you have, call your independent insurance agent now.



POWER



The man who said it could be done—and did it

BY THE SPRING of 1952, when Joey Smallwood went to London to sell his dream of harnessing the power of Churchill Falls, only about 150 white men had ever tramped halfway to nowhere to see them Donald McFarlane, who was then writing his degree thesis at the University of Toronto mechanical engineering department, was not one of those men. But while other students wrote of the use of aluminum alloys in turbine blade design, or semiconductors, McFarlane's thesis was the importance of Churchill Falls to the growth of eastern Canada. It earned a "B" mark. As he remembers it now: "I wasn't used to getting Bs, so I said the professor who said that it was because the class was too unproductive. He said I should be writing for McFarlane's, which I considered to be as good as saying I'd never make an engineer."

New old, McFarlane is more than any other man the mastermind of the biggest single-use hydro-electric power project in the world. He is president of the British Newfoundland Corporation (Benco) and of its offshoot, the Churchill Falls (Labrador) Corporation, which is harnessing the natural fast used to be Churchill Falls (now, Grand Falls) before the disaster who made it all possible, Premier Smallwood, returned from his 1952 trip to London and later returned it after Sir Winston Churchill.

It would be surely poetic to record that in the years between, while becoming one of Canada's most important development engineers, Donald McFarlane was haunted by his early dream of Churchill Falls. The fact is, he had it but forgotten the school year 1961, when he was asked his opinion about the feasibility of a Churchill Falls hydro project. He subsequently joined the development company, because responsible

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1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT

(measured of 750)

1/2 tsp. sugar, 1/2 oz. lemon juice.

Shake with crushed ice, strain into glass.

Deliciously different!

SOUTHERN COMFORT

1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT

(measured of 750)

1/2 tsp. sugar, 1/2 oz. lemon juice.

Shake with crushed ice, strain into

cocktail glass. Super smooth!

COMFORT ORIGINAL

SCARLETT O'HARA

As mixed at Asinara's, New Orleans

1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT

1/2 part 1/4 fresh lime

1/2 part 1/4 fresh lime juice (add)

Shake with crushed ice, strain into

glass. A drink as sophisticated as the French Quarter!

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for the job — and found his former professor's words echoed in all roles.

"This project has been a series of people saying you can't do it," he said one day this summer in his 20th-floor suite in a new Montreal skyscraper. "They said it wasn't practical to build a major project in isolation in the middle of the city, and thus that you couldn't deliver the power economically, and that if you could do that you'd never solve the political problems of working with various levels of government, and that a privately owned company in the public-utility field was an anachronism. And if these reasons weren't enough, they said we wouldn't raise the billion dollars needed because the biggest bond issue ever made by a private corporation in the U.S. was only \$300- or \$400 million."

In the past year, in a tight-money situation, Ontario went to the bond market and raised the balance of the \$970 million needed to finish the job. McParland had put together a proposition to provide low-cost power for eastern Canada (most of the next 65 years' output has already been sold to Hydro Quebec) and the Atlantic seaboard. The plan was so attractive that he even managed to raise about \$800 million from the notoriously Canada-shy Canadian investor.

McParland is neither a steady-eyed negotiator nor a steady-eyed dreamer. He is an underachiever, single-minded even described by one business expert as "the ultimate professional." He will think of himself as, essentially, an engineer and says that "what most people, including a lot of engineers, don't understand is that engineering is very creative."

"You build a case or undertake some other resource development and you open up a scenario that was empty before, where people live and set up communities. When I stand at the Montserrat dam (Quebec), which I had nothing whatever to do with, I consider it a beautiful sight, functional and aesthetically appealing. When I can stand back and look at 5,000 megawatts of electricity going out over transmission lines at Churchill Falls, I will probably think they're beautiful, too."

"You know, they say people don't mount mountains because they are there. That's part of the Churchill Falls thinking. They are there and they have this incredible potential and it simply has to be done. Who can do it better than we can in Canada? It's the challenge, that's all."

There is a kind of man who, born of challenge, would rather die. Donald McParland, battling boredom, boredom and the elements of mid-Labrador, took up skiing a few years ago. He might have brought a ski lift up to his wife and four children could ski happily around the St. Lawrence. In fact, he bought a Corvette, which, he is quick to explain, is the Canadian design that came second and best from American autos in the Monte-Napier race last year. □



Photograph by David H. Smith. Cover design by John G. Hill.

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ARGOS' WALLY GABLER

IS OUT TO WIN A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE ... HIS OWN

TEN SWEAT DROPS gradually eroding the makeup on his face, so Wally Gabler moved away from the sun to the preserving shade of a giant oak. In a few minutes, he would be filled driving a car a few miles down Highway 27 toward an infamous place named Band Head, Ontario. The gas in his car, the theory went, would last him farther down the road than any other brand, and Gabler fans across foot-ball-land would then rush to fill their tanks with the same magic product.

From the makeup down, Wally Gabler looks like a Pat Boone with muscles, his 200 pounds impeccably clothed in a bright-green cardigan, revealing light-green turtleneck, and gray-plaid slacks set above hand-worn moccasin loafers.

"My wife Jackie buys my clothes."

Gabler's voice has a high, strained tone as if it has been shouting against the wind too long. The accent is the busy, mid-western drawl that goes with fields and corn and long summer afternoons.

"...and I like them all."

Gabler practically smokes out the words. (Mel Probst, *Argos* and, ex-Gabler roommate. "When you first meet Wally, it's natural to be suspicious of the way he acts. He looks too good to be true. But after you get to know him, you become convinced that he is what he seems to be — just a real nice guy.")

Gabler picks up a loose stone and lifts a touchdown across the fence and into the field. "I sure wish I was six-six so I could see over all those linemen, but the good Lord only made me six-two, so I'll have to do the best I can."

The best has not always been enough. The Toronto Globe and Mail, September 11, 1967:

"Coach Leo Cabell has been staying with Gabler, fearful of destroying his confidence, but the clutter from other players is getting louder. Fellowers like Taylor are getting knocked out running pass patterns with no hope of passes reaching them."



"I sure wish I was six-six so I could see over all those linemen, but the good Lord only made me six-two so I'll have to do the best I can."

—WALLY GABLER

BY JOHN ZICHMANIS
Photographs by Horst Drosch



Imagine trying to keep house without milk.

Think about how almost impossible it would be.

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GABLER continued

The Toronto Telegram, September 30, 1967: "Gabler must come up with the best effort of the season tonight. Another so-so performance would put him in a precarious position."

Toronto Star, November 6, 1967: "Clearly at odds in Argo's two-year in-expectant as this young man's potential now is the time the club has the right to expect some dividends."

The dividends were meagre in 1967, though the Argos did manage to make the play-offs for the first time in six years. The following year, however, the team finished a comfortable second in Ottawa, and even managed to badly frustrate the Rough Riders by winning the first game of the playoffs, 15-11, before losing the series, 43-71. Now, according to Mel Proff, the transformation is complete. "This club," he says with the conviction of a man who has the inside word, "has come from being the worst team in football to being the one that will win the Grey Cup this year."

Looking to Proff, the conclusion seems questionable. "The heart of the team," he explains "is a nucleus of men who came around the same time that Wally did. And we all had one thing in common: in one way or another we had been sold we were through. Dick Thornton — thrown out of Winnipeg Blue Bombers — cut by Montreal Bell System and he and he had the bad luck, they got him in Green Bay, they let him go as BC. Ed Larn — they said he was too old to play. Bob Swift — hurt his leg and got out by the BC Lions. Bobby Taylor — his whole life had been based on independence, on being a free agent. Coach Bill Shaw bought me from BC 24 hours before I was about to be cut. And Wally is like the rest of us — he came out of nowhere, rejected by the NFL and the AFL."

"We were rejects, man. It was like the same crisis in the league had decided to dump their garbage, and it all landed in Toronto. But out of that garbage heap came the nucleus of this club. All these we should have kept in our team or another, but we refuse to quit. We refuse to give up."

The temptation is never far away. "When I lose," says Gabler, "I sometimes wonder why I play the game." The thought drives a look of irritation across his face. "But then I remember you have to believe you're the best. Convince. Once you lose that, you're gone."

"We were rejects. It was like the nine teams in the league had decided to dump their garbage and it all landed in Toronto. Wally Gabler is like the rest of us and we'll win the Grey Cup this year."

—MEL PROFF

Frisk, more than a coincidence, probably kept him from abandoning the Argos' long aim. When Wally Gabler grew up Wallace Frederick Gabler III in rolled Royal Oak, Michigan, in a Tudor-style home where one room in the pool in the afternoon and dressed for dinner in the evening, his father owned the Highlands chain of bookstores in Detroit. A serious fan man and a Republican, he is very active in local politics. With crates and sacks around every corner, the Gablers were more than a family; they were a Royal Oak institution. When the time came for Wally to go to college he chose nearby University of Michigan, where his parents could come every game to see their son play quarterback.

Unfortunately for Mike and Dad, a young man named Bob Timberlake wanted to be quarterback at the same time. And when Timberlake was twenty-one All-American for two seasons, Gabler played second-string shadow on the bench.

Finally, Timberlake graduated and left with a \$160,000 contract from the New York Giants in his pocket. A year later, after his turn at first string, Gabler graduated too but none of the AFL or NFL teams showed interest in the event. ("What people don't realize about high school players," Wally was saying to his cousin in the Argos' dressing room "is also unrealistic pride.")

When it did come the glory came late. The season was over and his college days finished when Gabler was invited to play in the Blue-Gray Classic in Montgomery, Alabama. As what he says was his final game offer, he completed 11 out of 13 plays, threw for one touchdown and ran for another. That night, he signed with Coach Bob Shaw of the Toronto Argos. (And the next day, bump up on four bids from A. I. L. teams including the Detroit Lions and Denver Broncos.) At 21, with one year of experience and less than overpowering credentials, Wally Gabler became a professional quarterback.

"I was so naive that first year," he recalls. "I never wondered why Coach Shaw was going with me. I thought I pretty well knew what playing football was all about."

The awkward came in a series of drunks. He lost the league opener, 16-6, against Hamilton. He lost the next game, 17-6 against Montreal. And then a frustrating two-point game in a row. By the

end of the season, he would find himself caught for losses 34 times having thrown 14 games to the opposition in the previous 16 on one game.

After the four straight defeats, Gabler was benched. "They brought in Eagle Day from the Calgary Stampeders," Gabler recalls, "and put him in as a starter. He won the first game he played. The press loved it — the mascot runs, and the headlines — and for the first time, I really knew what pressure was all about. I knew that with it I didn't produce when my team came, I was gone. We lost the next three games, and they started using me again to play the second half."

Dad Eagle's presence helped. "Sure, Eagle was working with me, helping me. But remember, he wanted that first string job as much as I did. I respect Eagle, he's a great competitor, and he's probably very happy on his ranch." Gabler is thinking between his words, choosing them carefully. "But he didn't really see very much in fact. I think he was pretty well near the end of the road by the time he came to us. The only thing I ever learned from Eagle was that it helps to be cocky."

He seems, quite correctly, as if he'd said too much. That face changes shape, his mouth becomes more definite. "The big thing about football," he says, "is the challenge, to win against anyone who threatens you and then to win against 12 other men. If anyone tells you they love the contest, didn't believe it. No one likes to get hit head first. In the locker in the game only comes from the fact you have to hit hard to do your job."

Flashback to November 1967. Toronto in Hamilton. Gabler drops back to pass, looking for an open receiver. Looking, looking. Hamilton defense charging. But someone has held the pocket in front of Gabler. He's surrounded. He's surrounded. Gabler turns to run, he runs in his head, goes down, is in agony. The referee blows his whistle but Angelo Mausa will not be stopped and credits his 260 pounds with the ball. Gabler, remembering the carrying-looking the lower three ribs together.

"I've been knocked out four or four times," Gabler admits. "Big men like Moses or Booth or John Barrow hit hard but usually won't hurt you. They put out of collapse around you. But a little man tends to hit with everything he has on one spot, and if he drives in with the helmet, he can really hurt you."

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GABLER *reviewed*

Playbook November 1968 Toronto
vs. *Newhouse* Gabler presides, *Isadore* for
a minute. *Concentration* (Dorsey) on
Wally Ray underlines in the side after
his goal, and the night memorable from
the year before, over *April* again.

Football is a easy game, men, a real
easy game," *Mid* Profile had said earlier.
Twice, *Profil* has been hit so hard he kept
his consciousness but lost his stream. "My
mind had no idea how my body was get-
ting back to the handle. My eyes told me
where to go and my legs took care of them,
but that's all I knew."

That kind of experience does strange
things to a man's mind. "One time last
year against Hamilton," *Profil* recalls.
"I really thought I was going to get punked.
My mind wandered right out of my skull
I had a fantastic urge to rip off any
helmet and uniform and get the hell out
of there. I still don't know why it hap-
pened, but it took every bit of control
I had not to jump up and run. Now the
longer I play and the more I talk to other
guys, I'm beginning to find out it has
happened to everyone. Even Wally."

If the action of blooded free minks,
charging Newfoundland shores and heads
taped into massive clubs is haunting
Wally Gabler, he keeps it to himself.
"The never been afraid, except maybe
once after it was knocked out and didn't
know where it was for a day and a half.
I know I'm vulnerable when I know,
because my whole side is open, but I
can't afford to brood about it."

The reason is a professional lady
named Wallace Frederick Gabler IV and
a beautiful ex-model with blue-grey
eyes named Isadore. Gabler met her two
years ago in Toronto at a small dinner
party. She went there thinking all foot-
ball players were big and dumb and a
quarterback only played a quarter of a
team. "It was a funny thing," she now
remembers with a smile, "the instant I
saw Wally something happened. You
could say he was the All-American boy
and I was the All-Canadian girl. I guess,
I told my mother that night. "You know,
I'd probably wind up marrying him some
day." She did, the following spring.

The Gablers rent a rare townhouse
outside Toronto, with the gold leaves
loves ("Wally's favorite color"). Sitars
and Lightfoot records stacked under
the portable stereo and a building collection
of Canadian antiques.

"If Wally could be anything he wanted to be,
he'd be a millionaire. Then he wouldn't have to
depend on anyone else but himself."

—JONKIE GABLER

Life is quiet. A lot of the players
think they have to live up to an image—
sell a tough image, they might say any-
thing Wally's not like that at all. Jackie
says happily "We go for walks, have a
few friends over for supper, look for
unique sections. Of course, we didn't
have lots of money then. It was all
very difficult for Wally, because he had
been used to a beautiful house with lots
of silverware and things. It was hard for
him to adjust."

Gabler seems to have survived rather
handsomely. At 25, he has an agent, all
his own teeth, coffee now \$25,000-plus
from the Argos, drives a new car with
the thanks of a local dealer and is well
into a career selling stocks at the Toronto
office of O'Brien & Williams.

The Detroit business, for the moment
at least, are forgotten.

"There's so much opportunity here to
get ahead," he says, sounding like a Boy
Scoutian spokesman. "If you build up a
good clientele, you can start making
\$100,000 maybe." He pauses, the
words rolling off the tongue. "... maybe
\$300,000 a year."

"If Wally could be anything he wanted
to be," says Isadore, "he'd be a million-
aire. Then he wouldn't have to depend
on anyone else but himself."

Like a healthy corporation, Gabler is
well diversified, but not everyone on the
sideline is content. Early in the year,
the good-natured Gabler made his be-
ing stuck into a business who had shown
up late for practice. "You should talk,
Gabler," growled Assistant Coach Frank
Johansen. "The only time I've seen you
at practice is to get your pants taken off."

Another teammate working out in the
early afternoon while Gabler was still at
the office watching the returns from the
New York Stock Exchange shrugged.
"If Wally's stuck in the office, he's lost
touch in the market, he could be buying
stocks instead of selling them."

"I know Coach Cahill thinks I spend
too much time away from football," his
creation Gabler, "but to this point
now where the only thing that's going to
make me better is pure experience and
pressure."

If pressure is indeed what Gabler needs
for pressure, by the end of the year he
will be back in the office. It is the
consequence in which the professional
quarterback lives.

Before the second game of last year's
play-offs against Ottawa, Jackie went to

meet her husband for breakfast at his
home. "The pressure," she says with a
shoulder, "is terrible. None of the play-
ers would even come down from their
rooms to meet their wives. Wally finally
came, but he had the shakes, he was so
tense. His face was just white. He sat
there saying practically nothing. Finally,
he took a cup of coffee and I thought he
was going to throw up on the spot. Then
he suddenly said to me, 'I think I'd bet-
ter go, and get up and lift'."

The close finish last year leaves no
doubt as to Gabler's control of the tension
to come. "The pressure is on the edge to
finish first this time, with no excuses!"
The excuse in the past has often been
Gabler himself. No more.

Says Coach Cahill, "Wally has had a
good growth process, but now comes the
maturing process. This year could tell
the story."

Says Russ Jackson, Ottawa quarter-
back, "I thought he would arrive last
year, but he still has a lot to learn."
Says John Barrow, defensive captain
of the Tiger-Cats, "This year will be his
turning point one way or another. It's the
moment of truth for Wally Gabler."

The pressures cannot well be stopped.
Gabler's powers of concentration are
legend. At the University of Michigan
someone introduced him to bridge. By
the end of three weeks, he was playing
all-night strategy games, and at the end of
the semester had won some \$3,000.
"I like bridge," he says, "because you have
to think."

The Argos' playbook contains about
150 plays, and though he gets into each
game with only 20 running plays, 15 pass-
ing plays, Gabler knows every man's
assignment and can diagram every page
in the book.

Most people," he says, "don't realize
how fundamental positive football can be.
Even the simplest thing 'Take the short
drop back pass. The longest I can expect
my line to hold is 3.5 seconds, no more.
When I drop back seven yards, I've
already used up between 1.8 and 3.2 sec-
onds. That leaves me 1.3 seconds to find
a receiver and get out of the ball."

This year, Gabler is working hard on
a snapper delivery. It is Joe Newhouse
of the New York Jets. Joe has been in
the work men who make their living
picking such things say it may well be
the best in Canadian football. Last season
a throw footballs for 3,342 yards, more
than Russ Jackson, the standard of Ca-



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subtle quarterback, could manage. But concentration, energy and even talent are of little use unless Gable can get into the players' respect. At the moment, he commands a slight snarl at best. His behavior as he huddles next to his partly to blame. Desperately seeking the experienced players on his side, he read making friends too hard, too fast. Describing him that year, one veteran snarls, "Gable was 'toss' concerned about being liked by everyone on the team that about doing his job—and wound up doing neither."

"(Wally's whole life) Mel Brooks once said, 'Is professed an goofball. In action and thought he's a nervous wreck, though he looks the opposite. To him, everything deserves a good word, a warm thought. Of course, some people say 'What is this guy, a square? A phony? A schlemel?' They refuse to believe he can't say 'I did some things but in past a nice guy. A genuine nice guy.'"

Early this year the players set up a sing at a downtown hotel. Gable, who doesn't smoke and takes only the rare drink, made an appearance, had a coffee and left for home at nine. "He passed well and looks pretty hard," said one of those who stayed, "but he's just not a man's man."

If so, not everyone rates Mike then, who was a rookie starter last year and is working on his PhD in 20th-century German literature, says, "I like Wally. Maybe below the snarl there is a layer you can't see, maybe there isn't. If it were my's way, I'd just resign my attitude."

Coach Gable, aware of Gable's personal confidence, admits grudgingly. Perhaps he should be more understanding, more of a leader. But he's employing all the time. A quarterback has to communicate with each person on the team as an individual. To do that, he has to be a complete person himself. And you don't grow into one overnight.

For Gable, the growing pains have been obvious. "To understand Wally," says Preik, the man who probably does understand him better than anyone in Toronto, "you have to know the way he feels about his family back home. It's so strong and close, it's beautiful."

"But at the same time, it's been bad for him, too. When things get tough here in Toronto, he'd go back to Royal Oak to look for comfort. He couldn't work things out for himself."

More than anything else, Preik feels the birth of William IV changed all that. He never seen him play better than from the middle of his season run. Why not made him realize he had his own family to look after, he had someone depending on him. For the first time in his life he became himself. Wally Gable finally found Wally Gable.

That discovery has been a long time coming. □



Harvey Currell: City Slicker.

Harvey Currell is our Urban Affair editor. His other newspaper in Canada is Toronto. His job is to write on the growth of the Toronto metropolitan area, and to be its watchdog.

In his own words, Mr. Currell explains, "Because of political boundaries the government almost are not yet involved with this huge metropolitan area, so we hope, as a newspaper, to do so."

If you were asked in *Footlocky* you may be familiar with one of Harvey Currell's weekly columns of conversation on western Metro. Or if you're a traveller, you may have read his book, *Thirty Days Ago*. Currell, Harvey Currell, knows Toronto and he knows Toronto. He knows that can be one of the greatest cities in North America if it people are kept informed and have a voice in its destiny.

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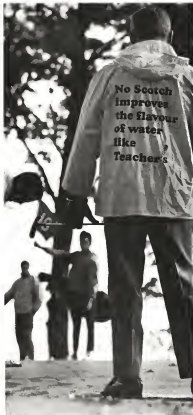
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THE LONG INFLATION of the late 1960s has turned into a hand-to-hand war to the death. On one side are savvy consumers and businessmen eager to buy now, borrow now, before prices go up further. On the other are sellers and lenders, able to take advantage of the rush to buy by pushing up their prices and interest rates.

How does the man with some money and assets and a family desire to look after pocket money during this money conflict? It is a conflict that, because of the unprecedented showstoppers and superinflation of millions of ordinary people, is different from anything in history.

The first necessity of financial survival is to make an estimate of the future. If the money is continued inflation, consumers and investors should buy now, even if they have to borrow money at fairly high interest rates. If it is far in and in inflation, they must be wary of borrowing, for they will be left with seriously expensive loans to service and little or no appreciation in prices of goods they buy.

It's easy to see that a prospect of continued inflation makes houses, stocks, autos, and even food for the future, personally attractive for immediate purchase — even though the purchases themselves will contribute to the inflationary spiral.

The matter of borrowed money is equally important. Suppose you borrow \$5,000 for two years at 10 percent to buy consumer goods at today's prices. You will pay interest totaling \$1,000. Suppose also that prices rise 50 percent over those two years. The \$5,000 you pay back will have a buying power of only about \$3,400. So you can coast a "you'd" rate of 14.5.

That's not all. The goods or stocks you buy with the borrowed money may, if you have purchased wisely, rise in value by, let's say, \$800. Your total profit over two years is more than \$1,300, while your interest cost was but \$1,000.

But the lender is no fool. That's why he charges interest of 10 or 12 percent or more. He figures that if inflation knocks five percent per year from the buying power of the money he puts back, he wants enough to even a good return as well as compensate for the effect of inflation.

That is why money costs so much — and why business has better be sure that what they buy will rise in price. If inflation slows and prices stabilize, they will be double losers: by paying high interest when they could have waited and paid less, by buying something that did not rise in price. So the usual old consumer goods, could have been purchased just as cheaply in the future as in the present.

It's a time for careful financial management. □

Constructive Credit at work:

one of a series about how Canadian business and industry use financing wisely to gain and grow.

These cars are for sale. But you can't sit in them, you can't test drive them, you can't even get close enough to kick a tire.



Here's how we get them to where you can buy one.

If new cars stayed on factory lots, your dealer's showroom might be an office containing a catalogue. Fortunately, it is much more than that, thanks to a system called "Inventory financing".

Manufacturers pay you and give immediately for every car they deliver to the dealer. This helps keep their capital working. But the dealer can't afford to pay out that kind of money and then wait till he sells the cars to get it back. So he uses Inventory financing.

This means IAC pays manufacturers for cars delivered to IAC dealers. At the showroom, you decide either to pay cash or to make use of an IAC purchase plan. If you choose the latter, you then pay IAC in monthly installments according to your agreement with the dealer. (By this method, IAC last year put 290,000 cars in showrooms all over Canada. Thus each dealer could display more models, colours and options, giving you a better selection.)

Inventory financing is one example of how business and industry use their credit constructively. Because IAC is owned and managed by Canadians, we are especially proud to be the supplier of constructive credit to many of Canada's soundest companies and dealers.

IAC

**— a credit
to Canadians
since 1925.**

If we keep on doing our thing and blowing our mind we'll—uh—forget how to talk

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

IN RECENT YEARS, due to the demands of modern communications, TV personalities, disk jockeys, journalists and advertising men have started everyone talking like doctors, engineers, theologians and grade-eight dropouts in turn. If communications get any more successful, we're all going to forget how to talk.

During John Lennon's bed-in at Montreal, which was telecast by CBC on *The Ray* it is everybody kept saying "you know" instead of explaining what he meant. Mrs. Lennon could use it two or three times in one sentence. At one point she said, "We get letters, you know, saying something specific, you know." Tom Seaver's agent, "What about this short-haired cut doing for them?" Dick Gregory and he had two "hang-ups about war," and said, "Show them that cut gotta' it," said, "Then, baby, lay it on" and something about "blowing a neck," while I found forward on my chair's eyebeams contracted like a *Nutterdell* also, trying to make out whether he was talking about war, cuts, capital punishment or TV drama.

There's a theory that these expressions are fresh and graphic. Professor Martin Joss, director of linguistics at the University of Toronto, says that people catch the language. I say it's the product of mental laziness, disregard of tradition with a bit over the speed of words and the cultural skills of Mac the Gull. I don't think they're enriching the language; they're just making it messy.

When Johnny Carson and David Suss-

kind say, in one dialogue, as they did recently, that somebody or something got a beat from the cops, because a cop-out, was going to try to be cooler, put down religion, and was uptight about a program that was puritanical, I just come from an already confused world. These expressions lack precision, to say the least.

I asked eight people what I would mean if I said, "That's my bag," and got eight different answers, all worse than the question. A Macleod's secretary said, "You'd mean you grooved it," and a friend of my wife's said it would mean that was my racket. Professor Joss gave a rather meaning, saying it would imply something that was in control of me rather than something I controlled, which nobody else mentioned.

The imagery alone gets in the way of the words. Nobody who says an air show will blow my mind starts an air show of a doctor peering into my ear, trying to see another doctor looking into the one on the other side.

The other day a TV announcer seemed to me to attend a Hamilton Performance concert and watch "If someone do their thing," comparing ghastly voices [I'm still trying to forget. Trying to fit the expression to the speaker is just as distracting, particularly when the speaker is accident-prone].

Edward Glover, who looks just like me in a tuxedo hat, said on *Landscape* that the other day that somebody was getting away from a bad scene. I suddenly saw him lying on a rug surrounded by marijuana smoke, still wearing his tuxedo hat, and I couldn't think of anything else. Another time I forgot the whole Christmas religion when a man with a face as innocent as an apple asked a TV priest, "Are you with it?" — an expression circa nineteenth-century yelled during a brawl so they wouldn't break the wrong person with a test pig.

The young are usually killed for this kind of English. Actually, a lot of them are upbrought by it, and when they hear someone over 30 on an *Arrest Extra* Daily commercial say, "I told my husband like, wow, it works," or read, "EVEN MORE STUPID: THE LIES IT LIES IT IS ABOUT 50000 away," they feel just the way I used to when I saw an uncle of mine in a doot suit.

I know one young woman, the news editor of a college paper, who refused to sell an article to an editor who said she'd found a "barney" to try showing that all the same, it's affecting the kind

of youth who thinks. Why bother speaking English when everyone else has stopped? The quality of English taught in our school papers is now so bad that professors are feeling backward to give passing grades to anyone who says anything clearly. Public-school youngsters who have been bombarded from birth by grown-ups on Toronto radio station CHUM shouting such things as, "It's you-ber-you-never-bugby man on the disk Laine three," are confusing adult language with real life.

In a school I visited, one little girl in a class that had been told to write an essay about a picture of a farmer with his head inside the mouth of a killer whale (which all the kids called a shark), wrote her piece around the theme that the whale had had breath and needed Scope. The rest ignored the whale and wrote odder stories about dead men floating in swimming pools, and I got so depressed that I left and watched a ball game in which a ball hit but when the umpire called, "Strike two," heard over at me and said, "Very embarrassing," which made me feel worse.

I think we owe it to our children to get back to talking and writing English, but we're not going to do it with lazy expressions such as, "The whole bit," which gives the feeling of someone doing well, or blundering with political speeches such as, "I'll put it very briefly. I have no plans at the present time for the immediate future", or writing of Flaubert's girl, "You sell it like it's right on this page," having Gorkh mean or using language as a water drill as the June 7-13 TV Guide. Describing a dinner stated Debbie Macomber, the writer said she has a groovy mother, wears today, today, today, in the you should have your own thing inside you, yells it up or phoreness and thinks Vanilla Fudge is hard to count.

And we haven't much time. Three hundred and fifty years after Shakespeare wrote, "The ancient, like a silver hair, new bent in leaves," someone up around the moon, when asked if his crew tested chlorine in the drinking water, said, "You bet your neck happy we did," and I had a horrifying vision of a time, not far off, when we'll be starting all over again drawing pictures in the sand with shared sticks while, 240,000 miles away, dragoons of the English language identify what the moon, along with all sorts of some birds, and French Baroque hair too. □

I'll miss you...

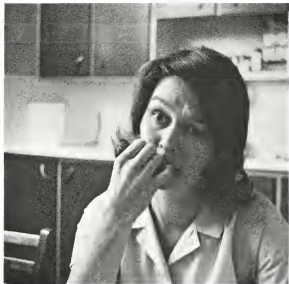


When you must part, remember Long Distance.
It's the shortest distance between two hearts.
And it's the next best thing to being there.



New Telephone Company, part of
Trans-Canada Telephone System





This young mother thinks her husband is interested in other women and that her children hate her

Perhaps you know someone like her. You think she's being overly suspicious or demanding. And yet, you read in the papers about young mothers hating their children. Can we dismiss this as overreacting? Just like a physical problem, an emotional problem can grow and become increasingly harmful. That's why we must learn to heed the warning signs and do something constructive.

The Canadian Mental Health Association has seen what the tragic result can be when emotional problems are ignored. They want to change all that. Expert help is

available for people whose problems are too big for them to cope with alone. If you're wondering what you can do when someone you know has such a problem, send for the free booklet: *When Things Go Wrong*. Write to your local branch, or to Box 555, Toronto 5. Also, by sending a donation, you can help continuing research into one of the tragic problems of modern society.

mentalHealth

Canadian Mental Health Association

*Under courtesy of Shell Canada Limited

TRAVEL

Portugal: windmills, wine and a medieval welcome

If you arrive a car in Lisbon at about 9 a.m. and start driving south, you'll go past endless beautiful little towns, through the central area of the ancient walled city of Portugal, half of them still in use, and end up about lunch time in Obidos. This is a perfectly preserved medieval town. Lunch in the castle is a quiet, dignified, business affair. It consists of Cabelo Verde, a superb green soup typical of Portugal, lobster and saffron, salad, dessert and wine. The cost, three dollars. You and your stay in the castle for about \$12 a day, full board for two. A typical introduction to a perfect country for holidaying.

People from Britain and Germany have been using Portugal as a year-round vacation spot since the early 1950s. The country's extensive political system and ugly colonial record have apparently not inhibited the steady growth of its tourism, and in the past few years more and more Canadians have been discovering Portugal for themselves. Travelling there is a disease: the people are genuinely charming and very handsome. And once you realize it, you're a Canadian you'll find yourself stopped in friendly conversation — every Portuguese seems to have a relative in Canada.

If you desire a romantic flavor, go to the Algarve, the southernmost coast of

Portugal. It's warmer than Nice in the winter, and cooler — not so commercial. The cost is incredibly low. There are government pensions (proper hotels, not boarding houses) where you can live for less than \$10 a day with full board for two. The beaches are breathtaking stretches of pure-white sand strewn out of the wild jagged coastal rocks.

The resorts are easily accessible from Lisbon by TAP (Portuguese Airways) or for air. Lisbon, the most famous of the resorts, is only 30 minutes out of Lisbon. It's a kind of Miami Beach, and not at all typical of Portugal's scenery, commercial and expensive. It does have one super attraction: dinner in the magnificent dining room of the Palace Hotel. The service is impeccable and if Miguel is your sweetheart, you'll learn quite about Portuguese wine during your meal. Then a bottle of very ordinary wine, \$3 a bottle (\$2.50 U.S.) for a bottle of Carvalha Ribeiro E. Ferreira. This Colheita 1938 (discontinued in 1961) seems something. The hotel will tell you a bottle to take home but, in Miguel's well-pointed suit, you'll be able to buy a cheaper in a wine store.

Eating in Portugal can be superlative. Fish is the highlight of any meal, and the wine is good, the food is good, the service is excellent and with each course becomes more so. However, the truly great restaurants and special reserves are found only in well-known restaurants or in the hotels. But give up hard liquor. When you come to give about \$175-\$250 for your month-and-a-half.

The real Portugal is not so much Lisbon or Estoril; it's the other little towns. The places where tourists have to go for an hour, despite their ready charge to buy, drink and click their instant cameras, and then take them away. Places such as Sintra, about 20 miles from Lisbon. At Sintra, you can stay at the Palácio Dos Sintra in incredible luxury for \$14 a day plus board. And Sintra's experience by Portuguese standards. After a long day at your place, you begin to feel the poetry of this beautiful country.

From Sintra go up the coast to the fabulous ruins of Nazareth. The grand dignity of the Portuguese seems almost to be the only one that can anywhere else.

Continued on page 75

only a nut
would tie a knot
in a watch bracelet!

go ahead...
be a nut!



FIXO-FLEX
can take it!

FIXO-FLEX watch bands are so flexible and so durable, you can actually tie them in knots (if you wanted to). Unsurpassed in comfort and quality, FIXO-FLEX adds that extra elegance to any watch. Ask for them by name — the genuine FIXO-FLEX watch band.



Fixo-Flex
WATCH BRACELETS

Give gift with care and elegance



NATURE: sea, fresh green wine and sport

The Titled Gin



WHITE SATIN by SIR ROBERT BURNETT

A classic British balance
of the smooth and the dry.
Invented in London, 1770,
by nobility for nobility.
And tastes it.



The majestic curving beach, filled with the ancient Phoenician-style fishing boats drawn up on the shore waiting for a heavy sea to subside enables by guest cliffs that protect the village from the wind. The architecture is Moorish, and its elegant and simplicity make most contemporary design look new. There's no inexpensive bus-and-train service to Lisbon, but it's more fun to drive.

Having a car and drive for a couple of days is one of the best investments you can make. Hopefully, you'll find one as accommodating and valuable as Joachim Alves (as is Alves Freyre's). In his silly Maserati he's the perfect host for his country. He can interpret both the language and mood of his countrymen. After a couple of days under his tutelage, anyone could get along there. When you've had your fill of fishing villages and living in palaces, in five days in Lisbon will race you up ready for North America again. You must have a night of *fofo* in the Alfama, or old section of the city. *Fado* are songs of sadness and lament. Its big restaurants, professionals do the singing, but it's smaller ones away from tourist spots, locals do it. *Sauvageo* (saw-vee) (a string quartet) and *fado* (a haunting, soul-searching experience. Very Portuguese).

One word about shopping: buy *fofo* in the small towns. If you wait until the last day in Lisbon, you'll be gouged for about twice the price in gift shops. A shop called *Bazar* in Estrela is about as far as any you'll find. Lisbon is fantastic for ordinary shopping. All leather goods are about one-third Canadian prices. Remarkably good, well-designed shoes cost less than \$10.

Portugal is a country for contemplation. The prevailing winds that sweep across the land temper its climate, create the oceanic, urban air anywhere. The Portuguese seem to have been isolated by their seafaring ways rather than by successive waves of foreign conquest. They have into the wind to gaze for hours at the incredible panoramas of sea, coast and hills. But the past is evoked in their seafaring ways rather than by successive waves of foreign conquest. They have into the wind to gaze for hours at the incredible panoramas of sea, coast and hills. But the past is evoked in their seafaring ways rather than by successive waves of foreign conquest. They have into the wind to gaze for hours at the incredible panoramas of sea, coast and hills. But the past is evoked in their seafaring ways rather than by successive waves of foreign conquest.

Transportes Aereos Portugueses (TAP) flights there for Lisbon several times a week from New York. But early in 1970 TAP will fly from Montreal to Lisbon, offering an economy rate of \$325.

MARJORIE BAKER

And it still works.

This Master laminated padlock was built with a .44 Magnum bullet at point blank range. And the lock still works. It was like shooting at a bank vault door. Because they're built the same way — laminated layers of steel.



Be sure you get this kind of powerful padlock protection. Ask for Master at your hardware store or locksmith.

Master lock it.

just a
little
35 millimeter
better

Or maybe a lot, because Miranda has all the great features you've been looking for in a moderately priced single-lens-reflex. Why settle for "mostly everything" when Miranda has every possible feature necessary for today's modern, serious photographer? Includes excellent CDS behind-the-lens water for perfect exposures, choice of speeds 1/8 to 1/14 second lens, plus a whole range of telephoto and wide angles. You can take this action with Miranda's shutter speeds up to 1/1000 sec. Resequence prism that lets you shoot from shoulder or low angle. Prime for better. Miranda can perform any 35mm camera in its price range. Check out Miranda tomorrow and tomorrow at your camera center. It's the only camera in the world with a 3 year guarantee. For further information contact Kingway Film Equipment Co., 185 Appleton Avenue, South, Toronto, 870, Ontario.



Beefeater...

Gin so smooth
you can
drink it
neat



The Imported Gin.

Available at hotels in London, England, for over a century.

TALKBACK from page 15

For Of King Thought Square — Is that my dear desire? Success alone? (The lovely Aika) He is the first person in all my 19 years who has really given Canadians the kick in the pants they deserve. If we don't have faith in our talent, we will lose our identity.

MIMI JAM RAUPIN, MISS GUELPH, ONT.

Name game

For that shot in Philip Slyke's *Jelly Beans* column: If it's all the same to you, I'll make my selection from side to side, rather than up and down. The titles alone make lovely lateral reading.

CORONEL SNA/DOCKBATE/THE GOLDEN AGE
NEOLITH RULING THE BEYOND JUNGLES
COURTLY SUBMITTAL RISING ROAD TO RUIN FOR
PROMPTLY SUGARLY/GOULD RUMORS/OUR
MADNESS MCGILL/THE INVISIBLE MAN

MRS. JEAN ELEANOR KENNEDY, TORONTO

Get lost, Zolt

Larry Zolt's pseudo-review of *Groovy Columbus* (F-Pics) was as vulgar and tasteless as he finds the film.

MARKET O' POWER, TORONTO

• Zolt seems far more interested in getting off his little little fannies than in telling readers what the movies are about. Let's have someone less intent on shock, please.

PHILLIPS REVIEW, TORONTO

Need for dissent

Your Editorial on McGill's Stanley Gray *The Danubius* *Swirls* From The Can (or Berlin), was the best thing I have read in your magazine for many a year. You have most clearly shown the need, for thoughtful, uncorrupted dissent, and the individual's obligation to our society to effect dissent and offer new alternatives.

MRS. THERESA FRODOAN CAMPBELL, RIVER, BC

• How many cultural trends were given by the Russians cultural quoted to Daniel and Semenovskiy the Russian anticomunist who criticized their system in much the same way. Crier has criticized them? In actual fact they are now expanding their stands in a Siberian prison — at it is a liberationist magazine.

• Why should support be limited to the academic point? Why should not other anti-Soviet types receive the same treatment? For instance, book editors are no neutral enemies of the Soviets and some are disowned on all sides in their most modest endeavor — R. PHOENIX, LONDON, ONT.

Ottawa at Expo '70

In his survey on Expo '70, Alex Edmonds says, "Apart from British Columbia's vested interest in Japan, it's hard to explain the interest in Canada's involvement in Expo '70 beyond the fact that the commemorations were made in the Bank of World's Fair. I never saw the opening of Expo '67." It was in February 1968 that Ottawa decided to participate in Osaka — about 18 months after Expo '67's opening. Ottawa is participating because it is not yet getting much of a

continued on page 86

It's a limousine when it isn't loaded.



The Toyota Crown Wagon.

It changes from limousine to wagon at the flick of the toggle. See how it is well like never get cramped comfortably. Two so front in the contoured fully reclining bucket seats. How often have you seen them in a wagon? Three on the central bench seat and two on the side seats. Inner gear shift. Or, if you don't drive in the larger family size, fold down the extra seats and load the outboard motor, the come stove the cooler for the tent, your two B's, a friend and drive off in limousine like luxury.

The only other competitors the Crown Wagon refers to stand wagons and a power rear win-

dow operated from within the dash or the rear gate and a side swing-up tailgate.

The Crown Wagon is all luxury limousine at heart. It handles like a limousine and not a wagon. The engine is a smooth quiet overhead

cam six. Transmission is a complete mounted four speed all synchromesh, or the optional five-speed automatic. The Crown Wagon comes with all the safety features and all the luxury extras. Just as a word over it also comes with the Toyota reputation for fine craftsmanship. So when you think wagon, think Crown Wagon. It could be the last limousine you'll ever buy. Toyota Crown Wagon \$3655.*

Toyota Crown.



*Suggested list price. F.O.B. Vancouver, British Columbia. Excludes taxes and destination charge.

The Toyota line of fine automobiles is sold and serviced by over 100 dealers across Canada.



From the vacuum tube shack at Brentford, near Boston, Reginald Fessenden sent the world's first transatlantic voice broadcast and first radio program in 1906.

BY ALAN EDMONDS

When Ontario's \$25-million Centennial Centre of Science and Technology opens in Toronto this month part of the inaugural display will be about Communications Alexander Graham Bell will be there, of course, along with Marconi and Edison and other pioneers whose inventions at the turn of the century changed the world. Reginald Aubrey Fessenden, however, will not be mentioned. And the tragedy is that so too will Ormond Ruby and one or two others will miss him.

History needs re-examination. Reginald Aubrey Fessenden is the father of modern radio. He was the man who created radio as we know it now and, indirectly, paved the way to television. He was the big, balded, bald-tempered giant given to wearing voluminous linenen robes and smoking end-twisting cigars, who rashly announced that Marconi was a fool at a time when the Italian was a world hero for transmitting Morse code without wires: the pre-war visionary who proved he was right by broadcasting voice and music while Marconi and everyone else was fooling around with apparatus that could only transmit the dot-dash-dash of Morse.

He was also a Canadian, which is why Ormond Ruby is rather upset that there's no mention of him at the Centennial Centre of Science and Technology. Ruby is also angry because there is no museum to Fessenden anywhere in Canada, even though he was the son of an Ontario Anglican clergyman, grew up in Canada, worked in World War I in a Canadian and died in Canada.

Ruby is the Toronto freelance developer who "discovered" Fessenden in 1966 but has ever since been campaigning to have him officially recognized as a Great Canadian—at least the status of Bell, who was after all a Scottish American, we've been trying to make into a Canadian all these years." Ruby's campaign has gone largely unheeded, but he did gain the support of Elexus magazine, persuade TV producers to make an educational film about the man, and with a biography of Fessenden, which Macmillan expects to publish later this year.

Fessenden was born on October 6, 1866, in Bolton East, Quebec. His mother was a female Loyalist who led the campaign to have Knappe Day declared a national holiday. The family lived in Perkasie, Niagara Falls and Chippewa, all in Ontario. Reginald, who was a child with weak eyes and pale face and a passion for antisepsis and long loosely matted hair, was sent to school in Trinity College in Port Hope, Ont., and Bishop's University at Lennoxville, Que., but left before getting his degree.

He went to Bermuda to teach, and then on to St. John's and without any qualifications beyond an interest in mathematics—he moved to New York to try to work with Thomas Edison. The reigning authority of what many believe to have been the most inventive period of America's technological society. The men were close associates when, in 1890, Edison faced bankruptcy and Fessenden left him. By then, he had already done pioneer work

in the atomic structure of electricity, devised a means of driving the gyroscope electrically which made the electrodynamic compass possible, and confounded the experts by proving that the elasticity of rubber was due to its molecular structure, not to gravity as was then believed.

By now Fessenden was married, and to cut he taught at Pittsburgh University, where he transmitted a number of photographing documents similar to the one in current use. Then in Europe, Marconi sent a Morse-code message several miles without wires.

Fessenden got inspired, and set up his own experimental wireless telegraphy station for the U.S. weather service, ultimately transmitting Morse-code weather reports from Cobb Island in the Potomac River to Washington, 60 miles away. There was no major difference between what he was doing and what Marconi had already done in Italy.

Marconi and his contemporaries believed, in the words of the New York Herald-Tribune, that radio transmission "was a slightly effective means of progress created by the violence of the electric spark and shut out like the sound of a whip cracked in the air." Fessenden believed that the radio signal could be more than a "whiplike" hit; instead of a giant surge aimed with little variation, it could be sent out by a transmitter as a continuous wave, like the light from a flame. Such a wave, he believed, could carry speech or music or, for that matter, any other sound. If it was in voice, he said, it would be like a train on a track as between Toronto and Peterborough, where he was residing with an uncle.

His equipment was scarcely more sophisticated than Marconi's. Marconi, working under the sponsorship of the British government, was using in England. Even so, Fessenden devised a way of interrupting the radio signal many thousands of times in a second and the sharp pulses were perceived as sound waves.

By Christmas 1900 Fessenden was ready with two 50-foot towers one mile apart on Cobb Island. On December 23 he sent an unrecorded Morse message to one tower and himself worked from the transmitting shack at the other. As Ormond Ruby describes it in his forthcoming book, "When he talks into the transmitter, Thomson telegraphic bell. 'Your voice comes through sounding like the flapping wings of a flock of birds. I can make no sense from it.' Fessenden, disgusted, returns to his notebooks. An hour passes, then two, and the first shades of dusk show the coming of the night. Shaking his head, he pulls himself up from the table and in an angry snarl

hurls the pen down. He reverts the steam-engine generator and his heart beats faster as he notices that it seems to run more smoothly and quickly than before. Then, after three minutes, he gradually begins to speak. It is now where you are, Mr. Thomson? If it is, telegraph back and let me know." Thomson heard.

For the first time the human voice had been transmitted in a steady, clear, plain without wires. Radio was born. Marconi did not succeed in transmitting across the Atlantic from Padua in England to Signal Hill Newfoundland until December 1901, and then only the Morse signal for the letter N, and the date.

With two Pittsburgh universities as backers, Fessenden set up the National Electric Signaling Company. He built a tower at Forest Hill near Boston, another on the coast of Scotland, and in January 1906 he sent the first recorded Morse broadcast across the Atlantic: Marconi, who had sent a message from England to Newfoundland in 1901, had by then made only one-way broadcasts. With the help of the Admiralty, the first two had equipment of his own design and he was left with no money. Marconi's invention was usually obscured by broadcasting voice messages across the Atlantic. He began rehearsing by transmitting voice messages to a receiver just 10 miles down the Massachusetts coast. Soon after he began he received a message from his tower in Scotland: "We hear you." The first voice transmission across the Atlantic had taken place—by accident. Then, before a formal patent demonstration could be staged, the Scottish tower blew down in a storm.

But Christmas of 1906 Fessenden set about producing the world's first radio show. He had earlier equipped the ship of the United Fruit Company with his wireless receivers and although they were only being used to receive Morse code, they were also capable of picking up voice signals, as well. On December 23, for an audience of ship's radio operators and sailors, Fessenden went on the air with a program, which he described thus: "First, there was a short speech by me saying what we were going to do. Then some phonograph music consisting of Handel's *Largo*. Then came a vocal solo by me, this being a composition by Genard called *O Holy Night* and ending up with the words *peace on earth*, which I sang one verse while playing the viola though the singing of course was not very good. Then came the Bible text: 'Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace to men of good will, and finally another theme, a song which was a merry Christmas and saying we proposed to broadcast again New Year's Eve."

At this division, it seems impossible that Fessenden could have done all this and still been eclipsed by Marconi and all but forgotten by history. But he was not. The Fessenden Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada and Boston Atlantic Communication was not in Canadian hands and the left to a split with his Pittsburgh partners, who argued Canada as part of their company's domain. The British government, ruled by Ottawa, denied him permission to set up commercial stations in the Empire or Canada, largely because the U.K. had a vested interest in Marconi's more primitive land-based system. To his friends offered his services—and the use of his patents—in Canada and Britain at the outset of World War I, worked for the Canadian government and for the British developed the first submarine-communication system in the world. Fessenden's radio-telegraphing equipment he developed as a multinational aid to prevent a repetition of the Titanic disaster.

Reginald Fessenden was to register many more inventions, mostly to do with radio and electronics, before he died in Bermuda in 1932 with 500 patents to his name. He spent almost 20 years fighting to get money and recognition for his development of radio because, when he broke with his Pittsburgh backers, they claimed the patents on his invention. The patents proved from competing to compete until in 1928 Fessenden finally accepted an out-of-court settlement of about a million dollars from the Radio Trust of America, maintaining the legal status of his radio transmission and receiving.

On his death, the New York Herald-Tribune said: "It sometimes happens, even in science, that a man is not right against the world. Professor Fessenden was that man." It added that Marconi's ideas were slowly supplanted by those of Fessenden, "with all too little credit to the latter."

A year ago Ormond Ruby asked officials of the Ontario Centennial Centre of Science and Technology to include Fessenden in their communications exhibit. They were so much surprised to find that a Canadian could be fairly called the "father" of modern radio. By the summer the men planning the exhibit were saying that they found Ruby's revelations about Fessenden most interesting, but reported they had not had time to include him along with Bell, Marconi and Edison in the Hall of Communications. At least, not in time for this month's opening ceremony. They said they would, however, try to include Reginald Aubrey Fessenden, not only in the exhibit, but also in the exhibit. □

THE CANADIAN GENIUS CANADA FORGOT

Letter from an upset customer
to the makers of



PRETTY POLLY

ONE-SIZE **Leprechaun** HOSIERY

Dear Sirs,

Last month I bought my first pair of Pretty Polly One Size Leprechaun stockings. Frankly, my legs aren't easy to fit. I've really an in-between size. Size ten is regular stockings too small. And because of the strain, they don't last.

So the One Size Leprechauns were just what I needed. They fit beautifully. What's more, they had a wonderful feel. And they made my legs look scrumptious. You should've heard my boy friend. It's the first time he ever really noticed my legs.

Okay - fine, I thought I'd found myself the perfect stocking. AND THAT'S WHERE I MADE MY BIG MISTAKE! These PRETTY POLLY Leprechauns were also the perfect stockings FOR EVERYONE ELSE!! And it didn't take my room-mate long to find that out.

Twice this week, I couldn't wear my Pretty Pollys on a date because Sally - that's my room-mate - had borrowed them. Then - this past weekend, when I went to visit my family in the country, I took two extra pairs of Pretty Pollys along. When I got back home and opened my luggage, they were gone!!! And it had to be either my mother or my kid sister who took them. So now - I've got to go and buy new ones.

You are what my problem is? You make great stockings, but whenever I want to wear them, somebody else has got them. And I think something ought to be done about it. Like maybe you should give some kind of insurance against theft - or a guarantee to replace them.

Anyway - if you people were smart enough to invent stockings so great that everybody wants to steal them - you ought to be smart enough to figure some way to protect your cash customers.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Laurel Kay
Lamotte Key.

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It's just that faster planes, tighter schedules and more people travelling means that Avis has got to try even harder. In every new way we can. And you can bet we will.

Because we'd rather keep ahead, than just keep up.



A TALE OF



2 CITIES

MONTREAL
Canada's fashion centre reaches
for world status
TORONTO
gives prizes for designs short
on style and taste

PRODUCED BY
MAURICE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DON NEWLANDS



The Beauty Centre Montreal created exclusive looks and a Japanese-stash effort for its show.



The judges felt that some of the best furs are produced in Ontario, but not the best designs.



A riot machine from the Montreal Fashion Group show by Mapple for Boutique Boutique.



Mr. Hadden, for Clayton Kopp, gave these Montreal outfits the most creative as of late for in the Canadian fashion scene — caddy wares for odd western



Ottawa designer of Trudy, Stanley Randell, with Linda Lee Kim, the student who produced the best design of the show — but didn't get top prize

W

HEREVER you hear the terms, "the market," "the retail," or "the new thing," the chances are they're being shouted by someone in the fashion world. No other business gets as full on the back quite so often. Sooner or later, the garment industry has to sell what it creates. The Canadian market is no exception. The men and women in the country retail buyers for the stores want goods that will sell in large quantities on the mass market, so they demand "safe" designs from the manufacturers. To meet this demand, the manufacturers usually American patterns that sold well in the States the previous season. The retail office of the industry is to make money and this leaves little room for creativity, original design or talent. That's the mass market! But what about Canadian people, whose people, whose ideas affect the style of an entire nation? We do have Canadian designers, but they cater to the industry's few rich women, and the public seldom sees their efforts. The Canadian fashion press usually supports the status quo. Fashion shows show the brand, the popular, the what's selling now items, or simply repeat bits of Western Wear Daily, the fashion trade paper.

spent thousands of dollars to show off what their best designers are producing for the fall. Toronto played for the mass market in the EDEE Awards; Montreal looked for recognition from abroad



Abby Gubba of Luv Inc. provided some of the sexy, charming outfits in the Montreal fashion show. The robe full-length dress, with one of Mr. Flanagan's hats, is for dinner or theater



Michael Bobecksky's beautifully cut and tailored suits are for Ascher. Single-breasted suits for Lenoir



A famous presentation on a whimsical combination of fur and leather by Eric Chou

was at jury expressing — or was until last year when the Montreal Fashion Group staged a show of joining Montreal designers who work for mens. makers. Europe's interest in the fashion industry suddenly realized we had talent here all the time and hadn't even noticed.

This May, two major fashion shows were held, one in Toronto, the other in Montreal. They provided a perfect opportunity to evaluate the garment industry and to find out what kind of Canadian-designed clothes will be available this fall. They also provided a staggering contrast in the performances of six top mens fashion centers.

The Montreal Fashion Group is an organization of women executives in the fashion industry. In their show they stipulated that designers should be well established and so a ready-to-wear collection manufactured under their own design or label (though each was allowed to do one outfit for going to the moon).

The Ontario Fashion Institute is a group of manufacturers. The OFI show presents the EDEE (Excellence in Design) Award. Thirty-two percent of the \$37,000 show is paid for by the Ontario Department of Trade and Development under its minister, Stanley Ardell.

The other 68 percent by the OFI. The awards were set up to improve the standard of fashion design in Ontario and, presumably, to give Ardell's department something to sell that will stand up in international competition.

The Montreal style that has become so intensely characteristic of Quebec was evident during the entire MFG show. Every detail was attended to. From the floppy Dixie Gillespie-style hats to the classic, draped, wrap-up. The most popular details in the show were the 30s and 40s, despite the space-age theme. However, enough of the designers came up with forward-looking clothes to give it a feeling of unity. The show opened with a corporate wore over introduction, presently taking a mood reminiscent of 2001: A Space Odyssey, or more accurately, Rain Forests: The Horshoe Man.

The OFI show in the aquatic O'Connell Centre was geared by a pure dress merchant down the aisle and drew an enormous wave of applause. A light and organized milieu introduced every group of garments in each category (hats, evening, etc.) and the minute voting of 30 models was well handled, despite the fact that they had to show 220 garments. Unfortunately many of the models were unsuitable for the kind of clothes being presented. When the very best outfits attempted anything even vaguely suggesting style, the girls had a hard time doing stepping on the stage.

In Montreal, not a smile broke the masklike severity of the scaffolding

look created by the Winnipeg Centre. The perfectionist Japanese mask effect was spooky at first, then entrancing. The models full possession that Montreal is really and gone the turn of the mill were enormous, inch-long lashes, as exaggerated they almost became a cartoon, witty and satirical on the confined female.

In Toronto, models' faces showed working on the aisle just two hours before the show and hair was on end. There was no consistent look and much of what was there didn't carry beyond the spotlight.

In Montreal, the hair was a triumph for Chris Booth of Le Carier Hair Styles, who is one of Canada's most creative hairstylists. He is a perfectionist. His entire team worked on the 15 models and barely a strand of hair was out of place, despite the perfume. Each hairstyle contributed something to the outfit it was worn with.

In the OFI show, the stylists weren't able to cope with 30 models. Strands of hair hung down, the styles were infirm and inconsistent. In the garments, beyond the sleeves, elbow was evident in the increasing bad temper and confusion of the models as the show progressed.

The Ontario manufacturers showed us how good ideas that the students' section was the highlight of the evening. Apart from that, most of the designs were safe, marketable, dull numbers, or they were vulgar and out of date. The Ontario manufacturers just can't seem to handle details. For instance, a beautifully made coat would have a dreadful set of buttons stuck on it. So much of the presentation represented outdated versions of Hollywood star bad taste, generally, an empty message. There were exceptions, there goodness or the outside people in the audience who had paid five dollars for their seats might have noted. The exceptions were marvelous. Pat McKeown (Pat's Hair) and John (John's Hair) did. Lyn Leather, Hudson Clark, Don Henderson. They all showed very good merchandise.

No doubt about it, Montreal fashion leads the country. The Montreal show had everything, from the dull, marketable work of Serge and Rital mass-oriented clothes by Hugh Gubba, to the marvelously inventive work of Dina Gubba, Leo Chevalier and John Weiden and the understated chic of Michael Bobecksky. Each designer gave a sense of intellect working through ideas and reaching for new creative solutions.

The manufacturers who used their designs have made tremendous progress in the past year in getting the designers' names before the public. They've raised money on promotion, and the combination has been highly and lucrative for both groups.

Some of the EDEE awards also were unfairly bad choices. One won't

I WISH THEY HADN'T
CHANGED HAIG &
HAIG TO HAIG...



ALL THEY DID
WAS DROP ONE
OF THE HAIGS.



WELL, I'VE NEVER LIKED
NAME-DROPPING.



"HAIG" is name-dropped
in all the best circles,
whether Scottish domains
want to enjoy the fine fla-
vours of their finest brand

DON'T BE VAGUE—ASK FOR

HAIG

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH



to a simple leather coat trimmed with fur, with a curved neckline, tied in front with a thin belt. Not long ago an Ontario manufacturer had pointed out to me a self-heal product that was known as the "hooker puff" around the factory. It was uncomfortably close to the prize winner.

The student award went to Linda Lew Kite for an elegant, simple black dinner dress ever to exist. Its good taste and beautiful line made most of the other congratulations look very bad. It should have won the Best of Show award for two reasons: it was the best in the show, and the award would have shaken the manufacturers out of their lethargy. It will be interesting to see how many of these students will be hired in Ontario. After last year's show, one manufacturer wanted to see a student entry again so he could get one of his own employees to sketch it; he wasn't even going to bother paying the designer a fee!

That's one problem, and here's another. As Joan Sutton, producer of the CFI show, wistfully admitted, "We always have a problem with the manufacturers, but they've been conditioned by Cans that shows to what will sell. So much good design is put on the rack and never cut. I'd like to do a show with manufacturers' decisions some time—it would be a knockout!"

The judges returned. The fashions start at the retail level; if good Cans dress design does get into the stores, manufacturers' labels are cut out and the stores substituted. Thanks look to the U.S. and abroad for prestige fashion, depend on what's produced here for broad-based-ladder items.

The manufacturers who do use good designers prove that the designer has to be so. They're increasing their business and building names for themselves. After all, who ever heard of Hudson Clark before John Wrenn in his campaign for them? Women in this country aren't such noodleheads that they'd prefer a \$150 knock-off from New York to an original design—if they can get it. I put sick of stores saying they can't find anything in Canada. It simply isn't so. Potentially, we could sell magnificent clothes to the rest of the world. We have the craftsmanship. We have the talent. What we need now are more men willing to risk their money on Canadian talent. Our big department stores need to do a lot more hard-hitting promotion of Canadian designers. Many of the major world centres, such as London, are running out of steam. Canada with fresh, untried talent could take over. But if it won't happen unless you get out there and demand clothes not just made in Canada, but Designed in Canada too. □

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Ladies aid society

These are the men who move the baby grand... the ones who carry you four miles up three flights of outdoor stairs... the fellows who put a six-foot fence through a five-foot door. In a fast to expect them to also be gentle, understanding, souls who sympathize with your moving day problems?

North American movers are this way. They have to be. After all, we're the van line that built a reputation as

understanding. We care for your precious belongings as if they were ours. That's how our men have earned the name, "GENTLEMEN of the moving industry."

If your wife can't live her possessions closed for this way on moving day, call your North American agent. It's so easy way to win yourself a love letter for being such an understanding husband.



Call your North American Van Lines Agent. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

This unique camera makes pros...
Konica Autoreflex T.

In designing the Konica Astorflex T, our engineers had but one idea in mind: to make the finest single-lens reflex camera in the world.

What they produced was a camera unique in its class. Unique for its revolutionary new mechanism—a combined Through-The-Lens and retinal-mirror exposure control system—that gave perfect exposure automatically without need-for-matching in the viewfinder. Its TTL metering system is variable and adjusts precisely to any focal length of interchangeable lenses used—from wide angle to telephoto.

Plus Konic's superb line of accessories and incomparable Hi-Fi stereo lines, acknowledged by pros everywhere to be the finest. The Konic Autofree T is a camera that makes pros... and can make amateurs like pros. All can use it with confidence. See it at your nearest Konic dealer soon.

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TALKBACK [Lost day 74](#)

[illegible]

After Edmunds replies, "I think Mr. Moriyama will find Ontario promised to be an Expo 70 mascot before it committed itself. I hope Mr. Ryrie and the anti-assimilationists will be revolutionary too, having studied the subject; I am not apologetic, because the ignorance of the entire world is now devoted to Expo and-to-vizual projects. I did not say that only Quebec had a man who knows Japanese ways. I told they had the advantage of Mr. Brecher's experience while living in Japan for an recent years of he-witnessing social changes."

4. Bokrynski is not "beef shaved thin and dipped in boiling fat, as *le fowlar*." A layer coating of fat is put on the backbone of the dish so the things started then soy-sauce, water and sugar are added, and it is so thin that the beef slices, look *translucent*. Chinese cabbage, bean noodles and bean-cakes are cooked (not dipped, by the way).

How they do it in Digby

Re Canada's Top 50 Eating Places: I have always understood Dugby Chikens to be ordinary smoked herring, not salt herring as stated in your article.

GARFIELD A. EYTHON, OCELT, BC

Reader Hayden Knows his Children
meets them one...

Train now. Fly later — maybe

After reading the article on air-traffic control (Went Coasting Up Down [Free]), I contacted a holiday flight across Canada and am going by train. The Department of Transport should be recognized, with a new head who would appreciate his a driving with lines. This will be seen for "back on the" — E. K. SODORIAN, CALGARY

continued on page 28



It shows that you care — HARVEYS MUSTOL CREAM

As different as
the shape
it's in.



Tanqueray Gin

If this were an ordinary gin, you would have paid for an ordinary gin bottle. Tanqueray has a totally unique taste, a subtle difference which is winning new adherents who live in every city. Distilled and bottled in London, England.

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end of the country to the other at the same stroke, an altitude it could have met either traffic, but fortunately did not." A thorough investigation by the Air Canada Flight Operations Department, as well as a detailed check by the Department of Transport in Ottawa, has failed to reveal the city each student took place — it is CORONA, MANITOBA, INFORMATION SUBJECT, AIR CANADA, MONTREAL.

No war in Oronoco?

In his story on medicine of Oronoco, N.B., shop owners to competition, being possessed by a Canadian Forces crew two states away (The Oronoco Movement) War With The Canadian Army, Reports) Gary Bannerman writes: "We're damn well going to do something about it," says Peter Radzinski, a lobbyist who's president of Oronoco's Board of Trade. Mr. Radzinski does not speak for me or my business, or in the line of my knowledge, for other others in Oronoco except his own. Also, in the best of my knowledge, the Oronoco Board of Trade is meeting and has been for quite some time. The only time I'm "at war with the army" or anyone else is during a cycling match or round of golf.

T & (B) MONTREAL, QUEBEC, N.B.

Trouble in Elk Valley

Refined With That "Rage" of Elk Valley (A. Bannerman) (Elk Valley, N.B. (Reports)) is a mountain. Had I not been for some hard-driving conversation work by the B.C. Wildlife Foundation, the entire Province Bannerman's government in holding those would not likely exist, for it was on Pederbick mountain that those animals are being set up. While the process of a 1000-acre in mining people over 10 years could be a lot of money, the loss of some 10 dollars may well exceed that figure. The people in Elk Valley are taking away all of one pocket and putting it in the other. Somewhere at between they are printing short changed — ANDY KELLER, MONTREAL (B) NATIONAL PUBLISHER, M.T.A.

Divorce: the woman pays

A wife of 10 years to Douglas Marshall for his wife, there's No Such Thing As A Free Divorce. Some additional facts. The money a man pays in support of his children is his obligation for time, but his wife must add this amount to her annual income, even though the money is for her children, not herself. Also, if the man has to work and must often care for his children, the amount paid for this service is not tax deductible. The divorce may have the same legal status as a wedding, but his wife has the same social status: widow. Not regarded in second class status — GLENN C. BALANIS, NORTH SCOTIA ASSOCIATION FOR CHILDREN, P.O. BOX 11, GASTINGVILLE, N.S.

Heroes? What heroes?

In your article, Your Heroes and What They Tell About You, there is a slight one night. Suppose you do not refuse any of the "heroes" in the picture, what do the few children say about you? PAM GRAY, KENNESAW, OAT. ()

What is Psychology Today?

At last! A magazine that bridges the information gap between responsible psychology and the educated public!

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The Freud Problem	The Psychiatrist's Power
Adult Play Therapy	Student Activities
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No facts are beyond our pale. We talk about sex clinically and, when necessary, curially. About children we are neither dating nor deriding. And with religion, we treat both the blasphemous and the hostile with objectivity. Loyalty is the watchword. You'll find no jargon in Psychology Today. No circumlocution, no pomposity. Our editors are as reflexive with their blue pencils as they are sensitive to your threshold of taste.

Moreover, we think you'll like our contemporary design—full of style, balance, and a touch of whimsy. Our pages are awash with full color photographs, and even our charts are fascinating.

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The Screw-driver is just possibly

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you're one of the Martini-for-lunch-bunch, latch onto an olive and a little vermouth. Then again, maybe

a Bloody Mary is your cup of cheer. Alberta Vodka has a cool thing going with tomato juice. The Bloody Mary...ruddy fine! And say...want to do a marschino a favour? Go ahead, garnish a Gimlet...not forgetting, the green and gracious lime. (It once scuttled scurvy.) How about cranberry juice and vodka? A wild new thing! That's the way it is with vodka. Especially

Alberta Vodka! Oh, and one more thing, the proof of a good Vodka is in the drink it makes...so who needs a Russian-sounding name to make a great everything!



The Love Machine is a computer; the input is melodrama and bizarre sex, and the output, formula fiction for the bored

MOQUELINE BURNAM, author of *The Love Machine*, is herself a kind of machine. Programmed with one input of stark melodrama and another of bizarre sexuality, she processes a flow of homogenized prose for a mass readership. The melodramatic hopper churns out chapters as a mechanical wheel and her frightened sex and pop singer who lights candles to forest Andrew. The sex hopper takes in an overwrought synopsi, adjectives, a shiffoved procress, a party of homosexuals and a beautiful shoring transgression. The machine when, the first trousers are swapped in three pages and the narrative comes on at two o'clock a chapter.

It is an effective but annoying wiring technology. The uncoupling of brasseries and outgroup of trousers soon pall. They assume a pattern as conventional in its way as the social response in *Little Women*. The characters are cast in pop fiction's stereotypes, which demand that a magazine editor or a television executive be a carbonic sexual virtuoso (*The Love Machine* is a television executive) and that the bored wives of corporation presidents be "desperate for love before it is too late."

The Love Machine is conventional, too, in its plotlines. Its busy sexual practitioners seem to collude. Just Miss characters discuss their flabby frailties in language more aquated and less silly than that of a dowd-town late pulper. The hero's sensibility is ritualized by the strains of his childhood. After 30 chapters of backbiting, he is destined for dream sexual fulfillment. Miss Sausage, perhaps, is a marvel under the skin.

This dismal patchwork is the most successful book of the year. A quarter of a million North Americans will buy hard-cover editions. Next year millions more will buy the paperback and then millions more will see the movie. *The Love Machine* will earn a return several times greater than Vladimir Nabokov will earn with *Ada* or *Arlo* or *A Family Chronicle*.

Yet *Ada* is a novel of detachment, perhaps the crowning distillation of a prolific writer's life. At 70, the author of *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Pale Fire* has produced a work so big and so complex that it

constitutes a literature in itself. *Ada* has the dimension and flavor of a Tolstoyan classic and yet it is contemporary in the spirit case. It is a new thing — a philosophy's essay on the nature of time, the creation of a detailed anatomy of the imagination (it includes an America ruled by the Russians and French, bikers and airplanes at the dawn-of-the-century), a treatise of illusion. It can hardly be understood as one reading but it can render fresh pleasures in many.

Confronted in only one of its aspects, *Ada* is a long story. The lovers are brother and sister, their oddity glamorous affair is developed from childhood to extreme old age. There is a subtle and moving chemistry in their weary encounter. Van and *Ada* Van first meet in a mythical summer in a mythical America in a mythical time ("Great month are above all great fairy tales," Nabokov tells students in his lectures.) This is old Van Van re-emerging.

Homosexual and heavy eighty years later he could still recall with the young pang of the original joy his falling in love with *Ada*. Memory may be a deceptive highway to the summit of his boyhood's desire. At seventy-four he liked recalling that first summer summer not as a dream he had just had but as a recapitulation of consciousness to reckon him in the small gray hours between shallow sleep and the first pill of the day.

Homosexual and heavy — as *Ada* is a classic novel of a certain time and milieu, but also with the genuine, unadorned voice of a boy, with the "young pang of the original joy," with the delight of an "amorous summer." This is a moving contrast in Jacques-Benoit's *Love Machine* — no computer can be programmed to register the young pang of original joy.

Ada is currently the literary novel, just as *The Love Machine* is the pop fiction. But the traditional relationship of the two genres is reversed. The different literary work is the one that offers a pleasurable experience. Nabokov's *Van Vain* is a man of imagination, and he is important in the world of creative experience. He is not mindlessly more moral than *The Love Machine*'s Robin Stone, but surely

more interesting. Nabokov's lovers are sometimes grossly sexual, but they are lovers. He has view of human relations may be called desecrated, but his lovers are true to their nature.

By this comparison, *The Love Machine* fails to deliver even the salinity that sets it off. A reader who has felt the sexual tension between Van Vain and the two English women who love him could hardly find comfort in the bland simplicities of *The Love Machine* (dread).

Next year's paperback will bring *Ada* to a big audience, but it will never approach *Love Machine* sales — expensive production and mass publicity will see to it that *Ada* will enter a strange and beguiling world. The same, and perhaps it is fair to say the brand name, making *The Love Machine* will tend to be confirmed in their decision *Ada* or *Arlo* or *A Family Chronicle* by Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95).

The Love Machine by Jacqueline Sorensen (Morrow, \$6.95).

YOU SHOULD READ...

MEMORIAM. For the addicts of politics, presidential election returns are not complex until Theodore White has told how victory was won. *The Making of the President, 1968* (McClendrick & Stewart, \$12), is as authoritative as his earlier presidential narratives despite wrong competition that time since two lively Britishers, Stephen Donald English's *Divided They Stand* (Penguin, \$8.25), the first one out, and an American Melodrama by the tonight man of the London *Sunday Times* (Corgi, \$12.95). But the most urgent political reading today is J. K. Galbraith's *How To Control The Military* (Doubleday, \$4.75), a detailed proposal to reform constitutional control of the American armaments, argued in tough, penetrating style. The novel Vladimir Nabokov tells his lovers, *Invitation to a Beheading*, is out in Penguin Crest at 75c.

Carte Blanche invents credit for the young man on the way up.



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See what it's like to say "Carte Blanche" (karr' blanch) instead of "Charge-It."



We give you more than credit.

As the Clamptett hold on TV comedy continues Laurel and Hardy may be the funniest show of the season

IN JULY, a spine-tingling romp on the Sea of Tranquility. In September, the mind-numbing return for the sixth straight season of *The Beverly Hills Cop*. This does television oscillate between scope and penguin. Apollo epic and opuscula now, conquered reason and carry-on. The measure defines reason. Like Pope's optimism on sea, it is the glory, joy and middle of the world.

With the two-hour moon walk, America TV returned to its future of imagination during the last 20 years. They came, we saw, everybody triumphed. It still seems incredible that 500 million people were able to share a grandstand seat 30 feet from the action on an alien planet. The creative consciousness of the human race was reflected in those crude, flaking images—and the images said everything. Added creativity, even from minor-grade Westerns, was insured and redundant. The videotape of this adventure is the *Info Man* of the electronic age. It will be played and replayed as long as man remembers his destiny.

Yet despite the technological applications, there was no mistaking the particular country from whence the adventures came. It had to be the United States. President Nixon's long-distance planar delivery of the astronaut seemed themselves to situation like dignities on parade, the absurd accuracy with the oval-sprung flag, the camera-happy tourist atmosphere were all recognizably American. As America, in fact, is carried around on comedies like *The Beverly Hills Cop*.

Therein lies the difficulty. If we buy Neil Armstrong, Clamptett comes along as part of the package. Comedy seems no more capable of producing its own brand of TV humor that we are of mounting an expedition to the moon.

This is by no means always a bad thing. Hollywood-style comedy, immensely popular and more polished and witty than highbrow critics generally concede, is a major contribution to modern culture. That the U.S. has almost single-handedly kept the world laughing for 60 otherwise-somber years is, in its own way, as fine an achievement as Apollo XVI's journey. The

genre began with Chaplin and Keaton and continued through the 1930s, when it peaked, in *Lucy* and *Get Smart*. And many of its purest and most fundamental elements are visible as the traces of Laurel and Hardy silent two-reelers that the CBC is heavily broadcasting this summer.

The essence of a Laurel and Hardy comedy, as with all visual farce, is heroic, unflinching simple-stupidity as the face of complex adversity. The pair could also perform a certain part of cultural function—methodical deconstruction—with a superb timing that has never been equaled. A disaster scene begins with Ollie, the fat one, looking into the stars, progresses to the point where they both lose their trousers and ends with 30 or 40 trouserless people milling around in a manual shoe-kicking contest. The climax is hilarious because each stage of the development seemed perfectly logical.

Of course, Laurel and Hardy were created comedy for us men that now seems unbearably naive. Clara Bow could be "If" without showing anything more than her knees, could walk city streets armed only with bullets, and the moon was still a ghastly glare rather than a destination. But with Stan and Ollie the tone and the pace don't really matter, it's the characters themselves that are funny. They were truly professional comedians who conquered their talents (only five or six 25-minute films a year in the silent days) and were careful to keep the audience's attention to the humanity of their roles. As a result their humor, though never reaching the genius of Chaplin, remains as universal.

This is where modern TV comedy has run into trouble. The network



have a fixation with the one-hour-long format and mediocre quality, a wish for a safe, a show can be as well as translatable, a precise-run POW camp—in which the vehicle drives the actors. With rare exceptions (Dick Van Dyke, Paula Prentiss, Lucille Ball, Doris Day), today's comedy "comedies" have about as much comic acting ability as Spinoza on a bad day. The only thing that's funny in the situation and sooner or later—usually sooner—the joke plays. At that point the series, if it continues, sinks below the level of true comedy and into the category of tame melodrama.

For example, for instance, that no long-term viewer has actually laughed at the antics of *Red* and all his kin since 1965. The reason they still work is because they've become locked on the situation the way people become hooked on soap operas; they want to see how it all turns out.

Although there have been some attempts to break the Clamptett hold on TV comedy—most notably with the brilliant *He and She* series of a couple of seasons ago—the network cannot commit to dominate the genre. In these terms the CBC, with Laurel and Hardy, may have inadvertently come up with the funniest show we are likely to see on either Canadian network this year. The expression deserves credit for making the adaptation to temper with the original version, apart from adding Harold Lloyd's piano background. Present plans to produce silent films for TV have been ruined by Philharmonic commissioning smothering like, "How much the little was meant this with a laugh?"

The last news of all is that after the current series ends, the CBC has 18 more Laurel and Hardy clips up its sleeve. And those may be followed by a dozen or so *Our Gang* comedies and some of the most famous Charlie Chaplin two-reelers (*The Immigrant*, *The Count*, *Easy Street*). But don't get too excited. There are still horrific forces within the CBC who doubt that the comedies of the 1920s are the right vehicle for TV. Instead they'll probably go for something that's really ironic. First Arthur will accidentally load on the moon and then



regular length



king size



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